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The Two Youths Among the Nations

By Senator ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

RUSSIA & AMERICA

The Two Youths Among the Nations

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IT WAS Emerson who called attention to the fact that with nations, as with men, it is all a question of heart beats, all a matter of arterial circulation. It is an obvious and yet a very profound truth that men wear out, and so do nations wear out, since nations are merely aggregations of men. And it is a very simple deduction that the whole problem of life is to preserve youth. Everybody knows that youth means growth, means the doing of things, means creation, construction, expansion. Conversely, age means decay, disintegration, the return to the original elements out of which the aging man or nation was first formed. After all, we cannot get away from the biological basis. And so it is quite clear that the duty of statesmanship is to preserve the youth of the people it serves. And youth is preserved by preserving the processes of youth—by building, growing, keeping active the creative energies. Youth is synthetic and imaginative; age is analytic, reminiscent and reflective. Youth seeks new fields to cultivate; age retreats even from the old ones; and this is just as true of nations as of men. Take the testimony of our American philosopher again. Says Emerson: "A good deal of our politics is physiological. . . . In England there is always some man of wealth and large connection, planting himself, during all his years of health, on the side of progress, who, as soon as he begins to die, checks his forward play, calls in his troops and becomes conservative. All conservatives are such from physical defects. They have been effeminated by position or Nature, born halt or blind through luxury of their parents, and can only, like invalids, act on the defensive. But strong natures, backwoodsmen, New Hampshire giants, Napoleons, Burkes, Broughams, Websters, Kossuths, are inevitable patriots until their life ebbs, and their defects and gout, palsy and money warp them." Thus Emerson—and while it seems to be untrue of individuals, it is certainly true of nations. The advantages of youth are well-nigh terrible in peoples and in individuals. No matter how completely the older peoples may occupy all of the present positions of superiority; no matter how the guns may be trained upon us to-day, we know that to-morrow those guns will be rust, the hands that trained them will have vanished, and that we shall be occupying still stronger positions than they do now, still higher up the steeps of power.

The Man to Plan the To-morrow of America

It was the perception of this elemental truth that made Peter the Great one of the most far-sighted statesman who ever lived. He knew that Russia would degenerate utterly if confined within mere land boundaries. He knew that nations breathe only through the sea—ports are breathing places. He knew that the more Russia touched the rest of the world the greater she would be. He conceived the simple but grand idea of Russia as an ever-growing, ever-expanding, and therefore ever-youth-renewing power. Or let us rather say that he was the incarnation of the desire of the Russian people—the personification of their racial purpose. To effectuate this great conception he laid down certain broad lines of national procedure that reached farther into futurity than any statesman, perhaps, who ever planned beyond his own immediate day. All the Russian statesmen since the period of Peter have largely been the executors of the great idea of the mighty man, whose vast intellect and burning activity made men in his day call him mad. It is this same conception which to-day is dominating the mind of the American people. And America will respond to the man who adequately gives expression to our master instinct. The intelligence of our people is so unusual that their common thought is larger and truer than that of any one man, and penetrates deeper into the coming centuries; and he will best plan the to-morrow of the American people who is the truest interpreter of their tendencies and purposes.

The same thing, and fundamentally from the same cause, is true of the great Russian Empire and of the great American Republic. We are the two youths of the world. We are the two entirely unexhausted peoples. We are the two expanding powers—the two powers, that is, that will continue to grow and develop in the coming centuries. And this is no reflection on the other great nations—perhaps to-day greater nations. They have achieved their development. But the period of American development is already here; and the development of Russia is beginning. Neither of us has achieved so much in art, philosophy, literature, law or even commerce as at least three of the other of the great, and one may say splendid, nations of to-day; but we have the advantage of youth. We hold the future in our hands. Not that England and Germany and other nations do not hold a noble future in their hands, too. (In Africa, England is securing room for great development also.) And let England thank God for her Cecil Rhodes, her Lord Cromers, and for all those other material and constructive minds who seek, find or create new fields for English constructive enterprise, for commerce and for the continuation of England's world-work. It is good to read of a man who lives on the earth to-day similar to those of whom the Bible speaks when it says, "And he founded a city." It is good to know that there are men who are founding something, planting something, building something, creating something, and so long as England has those daring souls who prefer the wilds of Africa to the wiles of London, who prefer the jungle and the mountains of hazard to the ease of society, she will not fail—no, nor falter.

The Similarity of Russian and American Types

No traveler can fail to be fascinated with the singular charm of the harbor of Nagasaki, in Japan. It has few superiors in beauty and convenience in the world. The greatest ships move in deep water up to within a stone's throw of the shore. The hills, pine-clad and shrouded with that blue haze that so softens and beautifies the Japanese landscape, holds the harbor of still bluer water in loving embrace. Wooded islands stand like sentinels at its entrance—and they are sentinels indeed, fortified with the heaviest and most modern guns. Many days I have spent in this harbor, and I have never seen a time when Russian vessels of war were not anchored there. Once I was a guest on one of the noblest of these ships. A middle-aged officer, speaking English, thoroughly familiar with the geography, climate, products and politics of the United States, entertained with instructive talk. He was strangely American in appearance, manner, apparently in ideas. Two of the subaltern officers arrived from shore leave during the visit. One of them was of the Royal family of the Romanoffs. Their light hair, blue eyes, straight nose (anything but Tartar; and why do people mentally associate them with Tartar blood—they have none), thin nostril, delicate lip and singular alertness of manner and idea would have convinced you that they were American. They were of the type of the young American in appearance and in mental attitude.

I was not greatly interested in the ship, although one of Russia's latest; in course of time it will be archaic, as will all present vessels of war of every nation. But the men—they were of fundamental interest. They will not be archaic in a few years, nor their nation! Or will they? That is the question which is of infinitely more importance than ships, or guns, or commerce, or possessions, or geography. I asked to see the men. They were superb. They were young men, of course, but they were youthful young men. They were not old young men. They were young men of a race in its youth; in short, they were like our own young men. They made one think of the appearance of the people who fill the common coaches of the American railway trains; and there is no better place to study the characteristics of our people and to get the inspiration of their vast and youthful vitality. This similarity in youthfulness of the two peoples—the American and Russian—will impress any one who looks beneath surface differences.

One day, on the boat from Cologne to Mayence on the Rhine, I appeared to be the only American—was the only American. I had asked the German band on board if they would not render a certain German national composition. The request drew forth a remark from a gentleman I had not noticed before, and I was sure I had found a compatriot. He looked like an American professional man. Later I was presented to his wife and daughter—they, too, looked like Americans. As a matter of fact, he is an eminent Russian physician of St. Petersburg.

The Bond Between America and Russia

The similarity is startlingly apparent in the history of Russian and American expansion. The fascinating stories of the Russian Cossack exploration and settlement eastward and of the American pioneer expansion to the westward are so similar that, with the change of dates and names, one might be substituted for the other. Instead of the Stroganoffs we had Astor and the Hudson Bay Company; instead of Lewis and Cass and Fremont, the Russians had Yermak, Atlasoff and Khabaroff. There is nothing in American history so full of vitality, of racial inspiration as the story of Boone and Crockett and Carson, and all that company of fearless hearts who sought solitude and courted death to extend the dominion of the American flag on our own continent; and their story, which so thrills our blood to-day, can be reproduced in the recital of the adventures of the pioneers of Russia, who swept across "the girdle of the world," as the Ural Mountains were called, dared the unknown, seized Siberia, captured the Ameer, and, in a word, obeyed the instincts of the Russian people of which they, in their way, were merely the servants and forerunners. Frozen, starved, murdered by savage tribes in the new lands which they explored, the American and Russian pioneers have reached out in the centuries that are past, one toward the East and the other toward the West, in precisely the same manner, asking nothing better than an unmarked grave as their reward for extending the dominion of their respective peoples.

"Yes, I think undoubtedly that you Americans will control things for the next three hundred years, perhaps the next five hundred years," said the Russian naval officer, as we discussed the world and events on the deck of this great destroyer in Nagasaki. "But after that it will be our turn. We are not ready yet. We are not sufficiently developed yet. We have youth without development; you have youth with development. Our business for the next three hundred years, anyhow, will be development. Our business will be getting ready. You are ready now." His casual words were deeply true. They are a statement of the conclusion to which every inquiring and thinking mind arrives.

Russia is like a world in formation. We are like a world newly formed, and full of vast productive energies. The conclusion from these two great facts states itself. Russia is, and for a long time yet will be, one of the choicest fields for our activities. Siberia is to be developed—her forests felled, her mines opened, her fields tilled; and Siberia's natural resources are tremendous—minerals, woods, agricultural possibilities. Already the number of her inhabitants is very considerable. Her population within the next hundred years will run into the tens of millions. Russia herself—I mean European Russia—is still undeveloped. Some person has got to develop that great dominion. Some person has got to build the railroads, furnish the machinery, construct the public and private works, manufacture and sell the goods, supply all the increasing wants of the Russian people and every part and dependency of the Russian Empire. None of the European nations is in so fortunate a position as the United States to do all this, because of the conflicts, jealousies, hatreds, and the scores of complications of Old World politics, springing out of present conditions and inherited from the conditions of a recent and remote past. The American Republic alone stands in an unrivaled position to supply the needs of the Russian Empire during the period of its development. The Russians prefer to buy from us what they cannot make or raise themselves. They prefer that we should build their railroads, that we should construct their buildings, that we should make their machinery, that we should sell them their clothing, that we should do all of the great work of development which they themselves cannot do. The reason for this is twofold. First, Russia has nothing to fear from us—for a century at least, as she thinks. Second, there is a fraternal feeling which has been fostered for a hundred years by both American and Russian statesmen and which has created a sentiment which is and will always be an invaluable asset in international dealings, whether political or commercial. But there is yet a third reason, which has its roots deeper than the policy of statesmen, in the soil of a common youth among the nations of the world and of a common certainty of future mastery. It is the same law which draws young men together in politics, or in business effort at the beginning of their careers.

Our Common Growth on Parallel Lines

Development! Development! Development! That is the thing upon which the Russian mind is intent. It is the thing to which her location, resources and the period now reached in the progress of her people force her. And it is the thing upon which the American mind should fasten itself, not in fear nor in envy, but with a realization of the opportunity it brings us. Of course the irresistible expansion of the Russian Empire, the sure, gradual, even perhaps slow, but manifestly mighty awakening of the Russian people, may cause alarm in the minds of the statesmen and people of other nations of the world. But it should not cause uneasiness in our minds. It should not even cause jealousy. If it makes other nations jealous or uneasy that is not an unfortunate fact for us. The Russian people are proceeding along the same lines upon which we are proceeding, more slowly than we, and far behind us. They have the same right to develop, to expand, to work out their destiny that we have. Indeed, it is hardly a question of "right," used in the narrow sense; for Russian expansion and development in the future, like American expansion and development in the present, and British expansion and development, which seemed to have reached its limit till Rhodes came with his misunderstood but imperial mind, and Roman expansion and development in her period, are merely great forces of Nature working themselves out in human society and civilization. And these forces will continue to work out their—shall we not say predestined?—results, no matter who is pleased or saddened by those results.

Russian Energy No Menace to America

Russia's great Trans-Siberian Railway, then, which is the most apparent and striking example of present Russian effort, should not alarm us. To the thoughtful mind, seeking new fields for American enterprise, the employment of American capital and markets for the product of American labor, that railway might well be built at our expense, for the benefit of American commerce alone. But when it is finished, will it not be the commercial highway by which Russia will ship her goods into China and the far East? Yes. But not now. Not for some decades yet; for Russia has not the factories, the mills, the machinery with which to supply her own population. She will have in a hundred years—perhaps fifty years—but in the meantime the Siberian Railway, from the viewpoint of American commerce, is merely the channel by which American goods, clothing, implements, machinery, rails,

engines and practically all the products of our manufactories, mines and farms will find their way to the Siberian people. So that this railway, which is but a repetition by the Russian Government of the achievements by which American private enterprise has belted our own continent with many similar trunk lines, is for the present, at least, merely another American commercial opportunity.

If it is objected that the completion of this railway and the general progress of Russian development will bring her all the earlier into final competition with us, the answer is that the Russian progress cannot be stayed by our dissent. The Siberian Railway will be, is being, completed. New provinces will be, are being, added to the empire. Seaports have been, are being, and still others will be, acquired by the government of the Czar. We cannot stop it. No power can stop it. It is as inevitable as our own development; and it is profitless to argue about it—weak and absurd to complain of it. The wise and strong thing to do is to take advantage of it. For many years many of the wants of the Russian people must be supplied from without. I have suggested the reason why other nations are not in so good position as the American Republic to supply those wants. While the opportunity exists there, nay, while it invites us, it would be the very insanity of jealousy not to avail ourselves of it.

It must be remembered that the wants of the Russian people will increase as their progress increases. The civilized man (as the word civilized is now understood) means the man with the most wants. When a railroad has once penetrated to a previously isolated section of the world, the wants, the desires, the necessities of the people of that section immensely increase.

Commercial Duties that Await Us in Russia

The Trans-Siberian Railway is the largest material fact—or rather, perhaps, suggestion—in the world to-day, except our own recent acquisitions of territory. It is the beginning of a development of a mighty people and a mighty physical empire. Within the lives of the next generation railways will penetrate every portion of European Russia; and branch lines will extend, like nerves from the spinal cord, on either side of the Trans-Siberian line to the fields and mines and forests of that great dominion of Asiatic Russia. It appears to me that here is a new field for American enterprise which that fortunate series of circumstances that is now blessing us makes almost exclusively ours. Next to the immense trade of the Orient it is our most obvious and easy market; and since it is our business to find work for our hands to do—constructive, developing work—it would appear that the commercial conquest of Russia is an opportunity so great as to become almost a commercial duty.

There are three great and new fields for American enterprise—three great and new markets for our products. One is Central and South America; another is the far East, and especially China; the third is the Russian Empire. Instead of wasting time upon non-constructive theories, we should bend every energy of inventive and practical statesmanship toward commercial supremacy in these three fields. So much has been said concerning the Oriental market that awaits us and, though not recently, concerning the South and Central American markets which should be ours, that extended reference to any one would be out of proportion in this paper. But, singularly, little attention seems to have been given to the great Russian opportunity for the investment of American capital and the sale of American goods, and, in short, the conquest by American thought and energy of the great Russian market. Has not the time arrived to give this vital opportunity our earnest attention? To occupy this field does not mean that we shall leave our other European markets. We have those markets, and they should be fostered as carefully as any merchant would nurture the trade which he has once secured. And, in the nature of things, the European markets which we now possess must continue to be ours; although, aside from markets for breadstuffs, these markets must continue to be ours in a comparatively decreasing degree. In all manufactured goods, England and the countries of Western Europe will more and more make for themselves all they need. It is to the new fields that the American people and, as their agent, the American statesman must look. And of these new fields, the three that are ours by natural conditions and all the other circumstances that create and foster commercial intercourse, are the countries of the American continent, of the far East and of the great developing Russian world.

This conquest of Russian markets is not material alone. It has its aspect of glory as well. Perhaps it is the latter to which the historian of a thousand years from now, tracing out the influence of the American people in their great world-work, will give the most, if not exclusive, attention. For it is so very simple and plain a fact that its very simplicity obscures it, that a conquest of markets means, in the end, a conquest of ideas as well. Where our merchants go our speech goes, our manners are grafted, our civilization takes root. The very act of selling produces a dominating influence over the mind of the purchaser—otherwise he would not buy. Civilization follows commerce; liberty follows commerce, too. Civilization began when people began to exchange their mutual products and possessions. Men cannot exchange their products without exchanging their ideas, and so it may be that the American commercial conquest of Russia will also be the conquest of American ideas, manners, and, in the very distant end, perhaps American institutions among the Russian people. Or will you have it that, conversely, it may be in the end the triumph of Russian ideas, manners and institutions over us? I answer that such a result is impossible, unless Russian ideas, manners and government are the superior type. For nothing is surer than this, that the fittest type in manners, laws, ideas and government will finally survive. The law of evolution is much more apparent in the intellectual world than it is in the material world.

The Progressive Instinct of the Russian People

I have never been impressed with the idea which seems to oppress or gladden many minds that the Russian Government was destined to crumble and finally disappear—perhaps, as some writers have suggested, in a second "terror," surpassing the awful days of the French Revolution. Such talk appears to me to be wild, absurd, ill-informed. There is nothing more interesting or useful at present for Americans than the study of Russia, Russian history and government. The Russian Government is singularly elastic, remarkably progressive. The aspirations of the Russian people, as a people, are obeyed and realized by the Russian Government with remarkable fidelity. It was a great Russian financier who is reported recently to have uttered this significant truth.

"No," said he, "the Siberian Railway does not pay along the entire line, and perhaps will not pay for some time, although all other Russian railways pay heavily. But Siberia must be developed before that greatest railway of the world returns dividends upon its whole length, and when that occurs it will be the best paying property in the world. The development of Siberia is a great work—a hard work." (Even the Siberian Railway is said to be profitable on certain divisions now.) "Our whole development toward the Pacific is arduous and expensive. Neither this generation nor the next will reap the greatest benefit from that. Why, then, are we doing all this? We are doing it because we cannot help it. We are doing it in obedience to an instinct of the Russian people. We are obeying the common thought and common determination of the millions; or rather, I should not say their common thought, but their common instinct. We are moved as by the voice upon the face of the waters; we are moved as you are moved, and by the same great elemental power. In a word, we are growing. We are making ready a home for our future tens of millions. We are getting in touch with the world of to-day and the world of to-morrow also."

"Russia will be your great competitor in a few years. That is the conclusion of the whole syllogism of her progress toward the Pacific. That is the meaning of Port Arthur, of the Siberian Railway, of her movement toward the Persian Gulf. It is merely the movement of her people for the opportunities of trade, to create, to construct, to do. Your expansion, which is much more rapid than Russia's, is the same thing. Do you not see, therefore, that every step of Russian progress in the far East brings your final great competitor closer to you?" Thus spoke the ablest English financier in the far East; and one cannot quarrel with the sense and truth of his words. But admitting their correctness does not negative the plain fact of our commercial opportunity, involved in that very development of Russia, so far, at least, as the present and the next few decades are concerned. Will refusal to trade with Russia retard her progress appreciably? And if we do not trade with her, will not others? And if wealth is to be drawn from this commercial course, why should we not absorb it? And if we acquire wealth, strength, commercial greatness from this source, shall we not have been strengthened for the final conflict which some think they perceive, even by the very antagonist they fear?

Why Russia Will Avoid a Conflict

"What are you going to do," said my English friend in Hongkong, "when finally you and Russia are face to face as serious competitors in the far Eastern market?" The answer is that it is a situation which will take care of itself when it arrives. I have long had my own ideas as to what will occur; but it is not fruitful to discuss any situation so far in the future that we can neither act upon it nor prepare in a definite and tangible way for it. To go to war to protect commercial rights is not a shocking proposition; but to undertake conflict where the struggle itself would destroy the trade advantages which are yours under peaceful conditions is an impossible thought. It may be that other nations may invite and finally compel such a conflict with Russia. But there is nothing in the present situation to indicate that Americans will become involved in any such controversy for several generations at least, if ever; and the conflicts of others are something with which we have nothing to do except as those conflicts may affect our rights, present or prospective. I hardly look, however, for armed conflict between Russia and any power whatever for a very long time to come.

The remark of the Russian naval officer in Nagasaki harbor is the expression of all Russian thought, and one might say of all intelligent people everywhere on this subject. Russia is developing, growing. She needs her money for railways, for naval stations, for ships, for development, and has none for war.

The Argument for Commercial Conquest

All this theory of trade opportunities is "cold-blooded," we are told. One sometimes even hears it called "sordid." It is a matter of no importance to the ongoing of the American people whether these unkind adjectives are applicable or not. It is our business to find employment for every American. It is our business to discover new fields which the American mind and progress may enter and develop. It is our business to keep our productive energies active. It is our business to keep alive the constructive tendencies of the American people. In a word, it is our business to preserve our national youth—to keep growing in wealth, in power and in that kind of civilization which does not also mean decay. There are many offensive things about the ruggedness of Philistinism, but at least it has virility and perpetuity. It will not be a fortunate day for this virile republic when the bold spirit of our pioneers, who explored our continent and established our empire even in the wilderness, the audacity of our great constructive minds who have built our railroads, finished our bridges, launched our ships, and all our masculine, daring and synthetic character, is succeeded by the merely interrogative intellect, by a disposition to introspection, or even by the refined methods of art—for the ethnologist has pointed out for so many centuries that art is the beautiful flower that springs from the soil of decay, that that proposition may be taken now as *res adjudicata;* and one must be excused for preferring life, even if it is rugged, even if it is a selfish life, rather than death, no matter how beautiful.

How the Eternal Analogy Holds

There is no disputing the theory of progress by the law of rhythms. Olive Schreiner never said anything half so great as that "the Eternal analogy holds." Human progress is by mighty impulses, just as is everything else in Nature. And human progress, by impulses instead of by a steady and continuous current, takes the form of the predominance, the sovereignty, the mastery of successive peoples during successive periods. A mere glance at history suggests this; careful study confirms it. It is this period of mastery, of dominion, which the American people have reached to-day. Our whole policy as a nation should be shaped from the viewpoint of this great truth. The whole problem of our statesmanship, largely considered, is to extend this period—to render it permanent, if such a glad dream were possible, and let us not deny that it is.

England's sagacity during the past seventy-five years in these lines commands the admiration of her bitterest enemy; and it is this which has made her great, and which has kept her young. It will be a departure from these lines which will mark the beginning of her decline. Fortune has favored us in these great material particulars in a manner that compels a belief that it is the purpose of Providence to make us the master people of the world for a long period immediately before us. One cannot stop to quarrel or argue with him who holds the other view. It is like arguing against the coming of spring, or the ripening of corn in summer. It is like quarreling with the progresses of the suns. It is like—nay it is—disputing with a fact—and who can dispute successfully with facts? Our productive energies are unequaled in the history of the world; this is merely a fact. Our geographical position between the two great oceans is imperial beyond that of any other country on earth; that is merely a fact. The possession of Puerto Rico, the canal, Hawaii, the Philippines gives us a series of bases—commercial, naval and military—equaled only by two or three of the choice positions held by England; this is merely a fact. In politics we are through with childhood; through with petty disputations about State rights, about fanciful standards of money, about paralytic feebleness under the Constitution. These as practical questions are in the past, and the American people have reached that stage in their evolution where they are a Nation, a consolidated, indivisible People—a great, single, human Power; all this is merely a fact. In short, we have at last got ready for our work—and our work awaits us; it will continue to develop before us as our capacity for doing it develops, until our period as the sovereign people of the world has ended. "Yes, I think undoubtedly that you Americans will control things for the next three hundred years, perhaps five hundred years," as the Russian officer said in the beautiful harbor of South Japan. The American people think so, too, and it will be our business to make that five hundred years a thousand.

There is nothing discouraging in this program to the devotee of mere ideals. Ideals are nothing unless they are effectuated, and it has been pointed out before that ideals and ideas are not extended merely by talking about them. Nature has its methods of the propaganda of civilization. It is by the great and simple methods of growth. It is by making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. It is by the planting of trees, the building of roads, the setting of ships upon the waters, the manufacture of things of human use. It is by carrying merchandise to the peoples who need it. It is by the great law of service, for with these things go our thought, our speech, our religion, our institutions. "Faith without works is dead," and it is written that, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

The Probation of James Wrench

By Jerome K. Jerome

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"THERE are two sorts of men as gets henpecked," remarked Henry—I forget how the subject had originated, but we had been discussing the merits of Henry VIII considered as a father and a husband—"the sort as likes it and the sort as don't, and I wouldn't be too cocksure that the sort as does isn't on the whole in the majority.

"You see," continued Henry argumentatively, "it gives, as it were, a kind of interest to life, which nowadays, with everything going smoothly, and no chance of a row anywhere except in your own house, is apt to become a bit monotonous. There was a chap I got to know pretty well, one winter when I was working in Dresden at the Europaischer Hof; a quiet, weak little man he was, a journeyman butcher by trade; and his wife was a dressmaker, a Schneiderin, as they call them over there, and ran a fairly big business in the Praguer Strasse.

"I've always been told that German husbands are the worst going, treating their wives like slaves, or at best as mere upper servants. But my experience is that human nature don't alter so much according to distance from London as we fancy it does, and that husbands have their troubles same as wives all the world over. Anyhow, I've come across a German husband or two as didn't carry about with him any sign of the slave driver such as you might notice, at all events, not in his own house; and I know for a fact that Meister Anton, which was the name of the chap I'm telling you about, couldn't have been much worse off, not even if he'd been an Englishman born and bred. There were no children to occupy her mind, so she just devoted herself to him and the work-girls, and made things hum, as they say in America, for all of them. As for the girls, they got away at six in the evening, and not many of them stopped more than the first month. But the old man, not being able to give notice, had to put up with an average of eighteen hours a day of it. And even when, as was sometimes the case, he managed to get away for an hour or two in the evening for a quiet talk with a few of us over a glass of beer, he could never be quite happy, thinking of what was accumulating for him at home.

"Of course everybody as knew him knew of his troubles—for a scolding wife ain't the sort of thing as can be hid under a bushel—and was sorry for him, he being as amiable and good-tempered a fellow as ever lived, and most of us spent our time with him advising him for his good. Some of the more ardent would give him recipes for managing her, but they being, generally speaking, bachelors their suggestions lacked practicability, as you may say. One man bored his life out persuading him to try a bucket of cold water; he was one of those cold-water enthusiasts, this fellow; took it himself for everything, and always went to a hydropathic establishment for his holidays. Rumor had it that Meister Anton really did try this experiment on one unfortunate occasion—worried into it, I suppose, by the other chap's persistency. Anyhow, we didn't see him again for a week, he being confined to his bed with a chill on the liver. And the next suggestion made to him he rejected quite huffily, explaining that he had no intention of putting any fresh ideas into his wife's head.

"She wasn't a bad woman, mind you—merely given to fits of temper. At times she could be quite pleasant; but when she wasn't, life with her must have been exciting. He had stood it for about seven years; and then one day, without a word of warning to any one, he went away and left her. As she was quite able to keep herself, this seemed to be the best arrangement possible and everybody wondered why he had never thought of it before. I did not see him again for nine months, until I ran against him by pure chance on the Koln platform, where I was waiting for a train to Paris. He told me they had made up all their differences by correspondence and that he was then on his way back to her. He seemed quite cheerful and expectant.

"'Do you think she's really reformed?' I says. 'Do you think nine months is long enough to have taught her a lesson?' I didn't want to damp him, but personally I have never known but one case of a woman being cured of nagging, and that being brought about by a fall from a third-story window, resulting in what the doctors called permanent paralysis of the vocal organs, can hardly be taken as a precedent.

"'No,' he answered, 'nor nine years. But it's been long enough to teach me a lesson.'

"'You know me,' he goes on. 'I ain't a quarrelsome sort of chap. If nobody says a word to me, I never says a word to anybody, and it's been like that ever since I left her, day in, day out, all just the same. Up in the morning, do your bit of work, drink your glass of beer and to bed in the evening; nothing to excite you, nothing to arouse you. Why, it's a mere animal existence.' He was a rum sort of chap; always thought things out from his own point of view, as it were."

"Yes, a curious case," I remarked to Henry; "not the sort of story to put about, however. It might give women the idea that nagging is attractive and encourage them to try it upon husbands who do not care for excitement."

"Not much fear of that," replied Henry. "The nagging woman is born, as they say, not made, and she'll nag like the roses bloom, not because she wants to, but because she can't help it. And a woman to whom it don't come natural will never be any real good at it, try as she may. And as for the men, why we'll just go on selecting wives according to the old rule, so that you never know what you've got till it's too late for you to do anything but make the best or the worst of it, according as your fancy takes you.

"There was a fellow," continued Henry, "as used to work with me, a good many years ago now, at a small hotel in the city. He was a waiter, like myself—not a bad sort of chap, though a bit of a toff in his off-hours. He'd been engaged for some two or three years to one of the chambermaids. A pretty, gentle-looking little thing she was, with big, childish eyes and a voice like the pouring out of water. They are strange things, women; one can never tell what they are made of from the taste of them. And while I was there, it having been a good season for both of them, they thought they'd risk it and get married. They did the sensible thing, he coming back to his work after the week's holiday and she to hers; the only difference being that they took a couple of rooms of their own and slept out, in Middleton

"HE WAS SHOCKED TO FIND THAT HER SIZE IN GLOVES WAS SEVEN-AND-A-QUARTER"

Row, from where in summer time you can catch the glimpse of a green tree or two.

"The first few months they were as happy as a couple in a play, she thinking almost as much of him as he thought of himself, which must have been a comfort to both of them, and he as proud of her as if he made her himself. And then some fifteenth cousin or so of his, a man he never heard of before, died in New Zealand and left him a fortune.

"That was the beginning of his troubles and of hers, too. I don't say it was enough to buy a peerage, but to a man accustomed to dream of half-crown tips it seemed an enormous fortune. Anyhow, it was sufficient to turn his head and give him ideas above his station. His first move, of course, was to chuck his berth and set fire to his dress suit, which, being tolerably greasy, burned well. Had he stopped there nobody could have blamed him. I've often thought myself that I would willingly give ten years of my life, provided anybody wanted them, which I don't see how they should, to put my own behind the fire. But he didn't. He took a house in a mews, with the front door in a street off Grosvenor Square, furnished it like a second-class German restaurant, dressed himself like a bookmaker, and fancied that with the help of a few shady City chaps and a broken-down swell or two he had gathered around him, that he was fairly on his way to Park Lane and the House of Lords.

"And the only thing that struck him as being at all in his way was his wife. In her cap and apron, or her Sunday print, she had always looked as dainty and fetching a little piece of goods as a man could wish to be seen out with. Dressed according to the advice of his new-found friends, of course she looked like nothing else so much as a barn-yard chicken in the costume of a red Indian chief. He was shocked to find that her size in gloves was seven-and-a-quarter, and in boots, something over five; and that sort of thing naturally irritates a woman more even than finding fault with her Immortal soul. I guess for about a year he made her life pretty well a burden for her, trying to bring her up to the standard of the Saturday-to-Monday-at-Brighton set with which he had surrounded himself, or which, to speak more correctly, had got around him. She'd a precious sight more gumption than he had ever possessed, and if he had listened to her instead of insisting upon her listening to him it would have been better for him. But there are some men who think that if you have a taste for champagne and the ballet, that proves you are intended by Nature for a nob, and he was one of them; and any common-sense suggestion of hers only convinced him of her natural unfitness for an exalted station.

"He grumbled at her accent, which, seeing that his own was acquired in Limehouse and finished off in the Minories, was just the sort of thing a fool would do. And he insisted on her reading all the society novels as they came out—you know the sort I mean—where everybody snaps everybody else's head off and all the proverbs are upside down; people leave them about the hotels when they've done with them, and one gets into the habit of dipping into them when one's nothing better to do. His hope was that she might, with pains, get to talk like these books. That was his ideal.

"She did her best, but, of course, the more away she got from herself the more absurd she became, and the rubbish and worse that he had about him would ridicule her more or less openly. And he, instead of kicking them out into the mews—which could have been done easily without Grosvenor Square knowing anything about it, and thereby having its high-class feelings hurt—he would blame her when they had all gone, just as if it was her fault that she was the daughter of a respectable bootmaker in the Mile End Road instead of something more likely than not turned out of the third row of the ballet because it couldn't dance and didn't want to learn.

"He played a bit in the city, and won at first; and that swelled his head worse than ever. It also brought him a good deal of sympathy from an Italian Countess, the sort you find at Homburg, and that, generally speaking, is a widow. Her chief sorrow was for society—that in him was losing an ornament. She explained to him how an accomplished and experienced woman could help a man to gain admittance into the tip-top circles which, according to her, were just thirsting for him. As a waiter he had his share of brains, and it's a business that requires more insight than perhaps you'd fancy, if you don't want to waste your time on a rabbit-skin coat and a paste ring, and give the burnt sole to the real gent. But in the hands of this swell mob he was, of course, just the young man from the country; and the end of it was that he played the game down pretty low.

"She—not the Countess; I shouldn't like you to have that idea, but his wife—came to be pretty friendly with my missis later, and that's how I got to know the details. He comes to her one day looking pretty sheepish-like, as one can well believe, and maybe he'd been drinking a bit to give himself courage.

"'We ain't been getting along too well together of late, have we, Susan?' says he.

"'We ain't seen much of one another,' she answers; 'but I agree with you—we don't seem to enjoy it much when we do.'

"'It ain't your fault,' says he.

"'I'm glad you think that,' she answers; 'it shows me you ain't quite as foolish as I was beginning to think you.'

"'Of course, I didn't know when I married you,' he goes on, 'as I was going to come into this money.'

"'No, nor I either,' says she, 'or you bet it wouldn't have happened.'

"'It seems to have been a bit of a mistake,' says he, 'as things have turned out.'

"'It would have been a mistake, and more than a bit of a one in any case,' answers she.

"'I'm glad you agree with me,' says he; 'there'll be no need to quarrel.'

"'I've always tried to agree with you,' says she. 'We've never quarreled yet, and that ought to be sufficient proof to you that we never shall.'

"'It's a mistake that can be rectified,' says he, 'if you are sensible, and that without any harm to any one.'

"'Oh!' says she, 'it must be a new sort of mistake, that kind.'

"'We're not fitted for one another,' says he.

"'Out with it,' says she. 'Don't you be afraid of my feelings; they are well under control, as I think I can fairly say by this time.'

"'With a man in your own station of life,' says he, 'you'd be happier.'

"'There's many men I might be happier with,' replies she. 'That ain't the thing to be discussed, seeing as I've got you.'

"'You might get rid of me,' says he.

"'You mean, you might get rid of me,' she answers.

"'It comes to the same thing,' he says.

"'No, it don't,' she replies, 'nor anything like it. I shouldn't have got rid of you for my pleasure and I'm not going to do it for yours. You can live like a decent man and I'll go on putting up with you; or you can live like a fool and I shan't stand in your way. But you can't do both, and I'm not going to help you try.'

"Well, he argued with her and he tried the coaxing dodge and he tried the bullying dodge, but it didn't work, neither of it.

"'I've done my duty by you,' says she, 'so far as I've been able, and that I'll go on doing or not, just as you please; but I don't do more.'

"'We can't go on living like this,' says he, 'and it isn't fair to ask me to. You're hampering my prospects.'

"'I don't want to do that,' says she. 'You take your proper position in society, whatever that may be, and I'll take mine. I'll be glad enough to get back to it, you may rest assured.'

"'What do you mean?' says he.

"'It's simple enough,' she answers. 'I was earning my living before I married you and I can earn it again. You go your way, I go mine.'

'It didn't satisfy him, but there was nothing else to be done, and there was no moving her now in any other direction whatever, even had he wanted to. He offered her anything in the way of money—he wasn't a mean chap—but she wouldn't touch a penny. She had kept her old clothes—I'm not sure that some idea of needing them hadn't always been in her head—applied for a place under her former manager, who was then bossing a hotel in Kensington, and got it. And there was an end of high life so far as she was concerned.

"As for him, he went the usual way. It always seems to me as if men and women were just like water; sooner or later they get back to the level from which they started, that is, of course, generally speaking. Here and there a drop clings where it climbs; but, taking them on the whole, pumping-up is a slow business. Lord! I have seen them, many of them, jolly clever they've thought themselves, with their diamond rings and big cigars. 'Wait a bit,' I've always said to myself, 'there'll come a day when you'll walk in and be glad enough of your chop and potatoes again with your half-pint of bitter.' And nine cases out of ten I've been right. James Wrench followed the course of the majority, only a little more so; tried to do others a precious sight sharper than himself and got done; tried a dozen times to scramble up again, each time coming down heavier than before, till there wasn't another spring left in him, and his only ambition victuals. Then, of course, he thought of his wife—it's a wonderful domesticator, ill luck—and wondered what she was doing.

"Fortunately for him, she'd been doing well. Her father died and left her a bit, just a couple of hundred or so, and with this and her own savings she'd started with a small inn in a growing town and had sold out again three years later at four times what she paid for it. She had done even better than that for herself. She had developed a talent for cooking that was a settled income in itself, and at this time was running a small hotel in Brighton, and making it pay to a tune that would have made the shareholders of some of its bigger rivals a bit envious could they have known.

"He came to me, having found out, I don't know how—necessity smartens the wits, I suppose—that my missis still kept up a sort of friendship with her, and begged me to try and arrange a meeting between them, which I did, though I told him frankly that from what I knew his welcome wouldn't be much more enthusiastic than what he'd any right to expect. But he was always of a sanguine disposition; and borrowing his fare and an old greatcoat of mine he started off, evidently thinking that all his troubles were over.

"But they weren't exactly. The Married Women's Property Act has altered things a bit, and Master James found himself greeted without any suggestion of tenderness by a businesslike woman of thirty-six or thereabouts, and told to wait in the room behind the bar till she could find time to talk to him.

"She kept him waiting there for three-quarters of an hour, just sufficient time to take the side out of him; and then she walks in and closes the door behind her.

"'I'd say you hadn't changed hardly a day, Susan,' says he, 'if it wasn't that you'd grown handsomer than ever.'

"I guess he'd been turning that over in his mind during the three-quarters of an hour. It was his fancy that he knew a bit about women.

"'My name's Mrs. Wrench,' says she; 'and if you'll take your hat off and stand up while I'm talking to you it will be more what I'm accustomed to.'

"Well, that staggered him a bit; but there didn't seem anything else to be done, so he just made as if he thought it funny, though I doubt if at the time he saw the full humor of it.

"'And now, what do you want?' says she, seating herself in front of her desk and leaving him standing first on one leg and then on the other, twiddling his hat in his hands.

"'I've been a bad husband to you, Susan,' begins he.

"'I could have told you that,' she answers. 'What I asked you was what you wanted.'

"'I want for us to let bygones be bygones,' says he.

"'That's quite my own idea,' says she, 'and if you don't allude to the past, I sha'n't.'

"'You're an angel, Susan,' says he.

"'I've told you once,' answers she, 'that my name's Mrs. Wrench. I'm Susan to my friends, not to every broken-down tramp looking for a job.'

"'Ain't I your husband?' says he, trying a bit of dignity.

"She got up and took a glance through the glass door to see that nobody was there to overhear her.

"'For the first and last time,' says she, 'let you and I understand one another. I've been eleven years without a husband, and I've got used to it. I don't feel now as I want one of any kind, and if I did it wouldn't be your sort. Eleven years ago I wasn't good enough for you and now you're not good enough for me.'

"'I want to reform,' says he.

"'I want to see you do it,' says she.

"'Give me a chance,' says he.

"'I'm going to,' says she; 'but it's going to be my experiment this time, not yours. Eleven years ago I didn't give you satisfaction, so you turned me out of doors.'

"AIN'T I YOUR HUSBAND?" SAYS HE, TRYING A BIT OF DIGNITY

"'You went, Susan,' says he; 'you know it was your own idea.'

"'Don't you remind me too much of the circumstances,' replied she, turning on him with a look in her eyes that was probably new to him. 'I went because there wasn't room for two of us; you know that. The other kind suited you better. Now, I'm going to see whether you suit me,' and she sits herself again in her landlady's chair.

"'In what way?' says he.

"'In the way of earning your living,' says she, 'and starting on the road to becoming a decent member of society.'

"He stood for a while cogitating. 'Don't you think,' says he at last, 'as I could manage this hotel for you?'

"'Thanks,' says she; 'I'm doing that myself.'

"'What about looking to the financial side of things,' says he, 'and keeping the accounts? It's hardly your work.'

"'Nor yours either,' answers she dryly, 'judging by the way you've been keeping your own.'

"'You wouldn't like me to be head waiter, I suppose?' says he. 'It would be a bit of a come-down.'

"'You're thinking of the hotel, I presume,' says she. 'Perhaps you are right. My customers are mostly an old-fashioned class; it's probable enough they might not like you. You had better suggest something else.'

"'I could hardly be an under waiter,' says he.

"'Perhaps not,' says she; 'your manners strike me as a bit too familiar for that.'

"Then he thought he'd try sarcasm. 'Perhaps you'd fancy my being the Boots,' says he.

"'That's more reasonable,' says she. 'You couldn't do much harm there and I could keep an eye on you.'

"'You really mean that?' says he, starting to put on his dignity.

"But she cut him short by ringing the bell. 'If you think you can do better for yourself,' she says, 'there's an end of it. By a curious coincidence the place is just now vacant. I'll keep it open for you till to-morrow night; you can turn it over in your mind;' and, one of the page boys coming in, she just says, 'Good-morning,' and the interview was at an end.

"Well, he turned it over and he took the job. He thought she'd relent after the first week or two, but she didn't; he just kept that place for over fifteen months and learnt the business. In the house he was James the Boots, and she Mrs. Wrench, the landlady, and she saw to it that he didn't forget it. He had his wages and he made his tips, and the food was plentiful; but I take it he worked harder during that time than he'd ever worked before in his life, and found that a landlady is just twice as difficult to please as the strictest landlord it can be a man's misfortune to get under, and Mrs. Wrench was no exception to the rule.

"At the end of the fifteen months she sends for him into the office. He didn't want telling by this time; he just stood with his hat in his hand and waited, respectful like.

"'James,' says she, after she had finished what she was doing, 'I find I shall want another waiter for the coffee-room this season. Would you care to try the place?'

"'Thank you, Mrs. Wrench,' he answers; 'it's more what I've been used to and I think I'll be able to give satisfaction.'

"'There's no wages attached, as I suppose you know,' continues she; 'but the second floor goes with it, and if you know your business you ought to make from twenty-five to thirty shillings a week.'

"'Thank you, Mrs. Wrench; that'll suit me very well,' replies he; and it was settled.

"He did better as a waiter; he'd got it in his blood, as you might say; and so after a time he worked up to be head waiter. Now and then, of course, it came about that he found himself waiting on the very folks that he'd been chums with in his classy days, and that must have been a bit rough on him. But he'd taken in a good deal of sense since then, and when one of the old sort, all rings and shirt-front, dining there one Sunday evening, started chaffing him, Jimmy just shut him up with a quiet: 'Yes, I guess we were both a bit out of our place in those days. The difference between us now is that I have got back to mine;' which cost him his tip, but must have been a satisfaction to him.

"He worked in that hotel for some three and a half years, and then Mrs. Wrench sends for him again into the office.

"'Sit down, James,' says she.

"'Thank you, Mrs. Wrench,' says James, and sat.

"'I'm thinking of giving up this hotel, James,' says she, 'and taking another near Dover, a quiet place with just such a *clientèle* as I shall like. Do you care to come with me?'

"'Thank you,' says he, 'but I'm thinking, Mrs. Wrench, of making a change myself.'

"'Oh,' says she; 'I'm sorry to hear that, James. I thought we'd been getting on very well together.'

"'I've tried to do my best, Mrs. Wrench,' says he, 'and I hope as I've given satisfaction.'

"'I've nothing to complain of, James,' says she.

"'I thank you for saying it,' says he, 'and I thank you for the opportunity you gave me when I wanted it. It's been the making of me.'

"She didn't answer for about a minute. Then says she: 'You've been meeting some of your old friends, James, I'm

afraid, and they've been persuading you to go back into the City.'

"'No, Mrs. Wrench,' says he; 'no more City for me and no more neighborhood of Grosvenor Square, unless it be in the way of business; and that couldn't be, of course, for a good long while to come.'

"'What do you mean by business?' asks she.

"'The hotel business,' replies he. 'I believe I know the bearings by now. I've saved a bit, thanks to you, Mrs. Wrench, and a bit's come in from the wreck that I never hoped for.'

"'Enough to start you?' asks she.

"'Not quite enough for that,' answers he. 'My idea is a small partnership.'

"'How much is it altogether?' says she, 'if it's not an impertinent question.'

"'Not at all,' answers he. 'It tots up to £900 about.'

"She turns back to her desk and goes on with her writing.

"'Dover wouldn't suit you, I suppose?' says she, without looking around.

"'Dover's all right,' says he, 'if the business is a good one.'

"'It can be worked up into one of the best things going,' says she, 'and I'm getting it dirt cheap. You can have a third share for a thousand pounds, that's just what it's costing, and owe me the other hundred.'

"'And what position do I take?' says he.

"'If you come in on those terms,' says she, 'then, of course, it's a partnership.'

"He arose and came over to her. 'Life isn't all business, Susan,' says he.

"'I've found it so mostly,' says she.

"'Fourteen years ago,' says he, 'I made the mistake; now you're making it.'

"'What mistake am I making?' says she.

"'That man's the only thing as can't learn a lesson,' says he.

"'Oh,' says she, 'and what's the lesson you've learnt?'

"'That I never get on without you, Susan,' says he.

"'Well,' says she, 'you suggested a partnership and I agreed to it. What more do you want?'

"'I want to know the name of the firm,' says he.

"'Mr. and Mrs. Wrench,' says she, turning around to him and holding out her hand. 'How will that suit you?'

"'That'll do me all right,' answers he. 'And I'll try and give satisfaction,' adds he.

"'I believe you,' says she.

"And in that way they made a fresh start, as it were."

Henry M. Stanley

The Explorer, Lecturer *and* Journalist *as* I Knew Him

By Major James B. Pond

IN THE summer of 1886, while traveling in England with Henry Ward Beecher, I was asked if I did not want Henry M. Stanley in America. I replied that Mr. Stanley had once made the attempt and had been a most dismal failure. A day or two later, when I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Beecher, he replied:

"Stanley is one of the greatest men we have. I have been reading Through the Dark Continent; it is a great book. He is doing good work for civilization."

I arranged then to call upon Mr. Stanley at his apartments in New Bond Street and learn what his ideas were in regard to revisiting the United States. There I saw him for the first time, and found a very quiet, unassuming little man with dark hair and penetrating light blue eyes, reticent, but very pleasant. He allowed me to do the talking.

I related what I had heard Mr. Beecher say of him, and saw at once that it pleased him. It was about one o'clock. I asked him if he had lunched; he had not, so I invited him to the Café Royal, where we lunched together.

At luncheon I tried to entertain him with conversation, telling of America and the changes that had taken place during his absence. He listened attentively, but made no response; finally, in order to get him to speak, I began to put questions to him about Africa and its people. I then discovered that I had found and touched the proper key, and he was soon relating to me wonderful accounts of his adventures. When we came to separate, I remarked that there was a great American comedian playing at the Gaiety Theatre and asked if he would not like to see and hear him. He replied that he would be delighted, so the appointment was made and we occupied a box at the Gaiety together that evening in company with a young English friend of mine. Mr. Stanley seemed to enjoy the play very much, paying the closest attention until the curtain dropped.

We parted at Charing Cross, Stanley saying, "Good-night; I am indebted to you for a very enjoyable evening," and started home. I don't know why, but as he turned the first corner I hurried after him. I have never told this before and I cannot tell now why it was that I could not help following him. But he had produced a most remarkable impression upon me. I kept saying to myself: "That is Stanley! Stanley, the wonderful explorer! What a life he has had! How I would like to have shared with him his hazardous adventures! How I would like to serve such a man!"

The next morning I received the following letter from Mr. Stanley, which he must have written and mailed to me on his return from the theatre:

> "My Dear Sir: I am willing to go to America and deliver fifty lectures for you, beginning November 29 next, six lectures a week, you paying me one hundred dollars a lecture and my traveling expenses from the date of the first lecture to the close of the tour, settlements to be made weekly. In case I am recalled by the King of the Belgians, I am to be allowed to return without let or hindrance. If this proposition meets your views, you may sign and return a copy of this letter, which I send in duplicate.
>
> "Yours very truly,
>
> "Henry M. Stanley."

I at once signed a duplicate copy of the letter and then cabled to America that I had secured Stanley for a lecture tour. I returned home in October and found a number of letters and inquiries relating to the lectures.

Through the Dark Continent

When Mr. Stanley arrived in America, November 27, 1886, I had rented Chickering Hall, New York, for the first lecture of the tour. I secured Henry Ward Beecher to present Mr. Stanley, who had been interviewed fully by the reporters on his arrival. There were columns about him in all the newspapers in New York and adjoining cities.

The evening came, but tickets had gone slowly. Mr. Beecher introduced Mr. Stanley in a brief description of his remarkable career, paying a handsome tribute to his work for usefulness to mankind, and then followed the lecture entitled Through the Dark Continent. It was descriptive of his many adventures in Central Africa and proved to be thrilling and interesting in the extreme.

Mr. Beecher had prophesied correctly.

At the third lecture, given in New Haven, it became evident that Mr. Stanley would be a success. Mr. Beecher had been right. The next lecture was at Hartford. I could not get a hall or opera house, so I rented Unity Church. Here in Hartford Mr. Stanley was the guest of his friend, S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), who presided and introduced the explorer in a characteristic address of welcome to his city and his fireside. After the lecture, returning to Mr. Clemens' home, I invited Mark to go to Boston with us on the following day and introduce Stanley, where I was sure of a great crowd. Mark said the only objection to accepting such an invitation was the "taking a feller so unawares, with no possible time to prepare a suitable, impromptu, extemporaneous speech for so important an occasion." Mr. Stanley seemed pleased with the suggestion, and as the two men were great friends the arrangement was made. As Mark and Stanley and I spent the time together after the Hartford lecture, each apparently unmindful of the coming event of the evening, the following introductory speech by Mark on that occasion will give an idea of his resources in an emergency. The humorist and the explorer walked on to the platform simultaneously—a combination such as a Boston audience has rarely met. Mark stepped to the front and introduced his friend as follows:

Mark Twain's Introduction

"Ladies and Gentlemen: If any should ask, Why is it that you are here as introducer of the lecturer? I should answer that I happened to be around and was asked to perform this function. I was quite willing to do so, and, as there was no sort of need of an introduction, anyway, it could be necessary only that some person come forward for a moment and do an unnecessary thing, and this is quite in my line. Now, to introduce so illustrious a name as Henry M. Stanley by any detail of what the man has done is clear aside from my purpose; that would be stretching the unnecessary to an unconscionable degree. When I contrast what I have achieved in my measurably brief life with what he has achieved in his possibly briefer one, the effect is to sweep utterly away the ten-story edifice of my own self-appreciation and leave nothing behind but the cellar. When you compare these achievements of his with the achievements of really great men who exist in history, the comparison, I believe, is in his favor. I am not here to disparage Columbus.

There were representatives of the manufacturers of firearms

"No, I won't do that; but when you come to regard the achievements of these two men, Columbus and Stanley, from the standpoint of the difficulties they encountered, the advantage is with Stanley and against Columbus. Now, Columbus started out to discover America. Well, he didn't need to do anything at all but sit in the cabin of his ship and hold his grip and sail straight on, and America would discover itself. Here it was, barring his passage the whole length and breadth of the South American continent and he couldn't get by it. He'd got to discover it. But Stanley started out to find Doctor Livingstone, who was scattered abroad, as you may say, over the length and breadth of a vast slab of Africa as big as the United States.

A dinner was given to Mr. Stanley that night at Delmonico's

"It was a blind kind of search. He was the worst scattered of men. But I will throw the weight of this introduction upon one very peculiar feature of Mr. Stanley's character, and that is his indestructible Americanism, an Americanism which he is proud of. And in this day and time, when it is the custom to ape and imitate English methods and fashion, it is like a breath of fresh air to stand in the presence of this untainted American citizen who has been caressed and complimented by half of the crowned heads of Europe; who could clothe his body from his head to his heels with the orders and decorations lavished upon him. And yet, when the untitled myriads of his own country put out their hands in welcome to him and greet him, 'Well done,' through the Congress of the United States, that is the crown that is worth all the rest to him. He is a product of institutions which exist in no other country on earth—institutions that bring out all that is best and most heroic in a man. I introduce Henry M. Stanley."

After this Boston triumph, applications by telegraph and mail came pouring in from all parts of the country. Stanley saw that he was a success and seemed pleased that his manager was on the winning side. He suggested that I might as well lay my season out for one hundred lectures, instead of fifty (singular, too, he did not suggest a rise in his fee), and so we agreed and I hurried back to New York to complete the bookings for one hundred nights. Of course, in our contract, Mr. Stanley had stipulated that in case he was recalled by the King of Belgium he was to be allowed to return without let or hindrance, but that was not expected.

Mr. Stanley was delivering his tenth lecture in Amherst, Massachusetts, on Saturday evening, November 11. I was in my office in New York writing letters. It was ten o'clock in the evening when I received the following telegram:

> "Amherst, Mass., November 11, 1886.
>
> "J. B. Pond, Everett House, New York.
>
> "Must stop lecturing. Recalled. Sail Wednesday at 4 A. M.
>
> "Henry M. Stanley."

All my hopes dashed to the ground in a moment. It was not the first disappointment in my life, however. I turned out my lights and retired, to try to rest and think. Stanley certainly would and must go, and no power on earth could prevent that. I determined to meet him cordially on his arrival and to lend him all the aid in my power toward getting away on so short a notice.

On the King's Business

The next morning (Sunday, November 12) about six o'clock, Mr. Stanley arrived, and came immediately to my room in my hotel to tell me that it required every moment of his time to get ready and sail Wednesday morning by steamship Eidler at four o'clock. His decorations and valuable presents from Queen Victoria and other monarchs were at a jeweler's on exhibition. He asked me to collect them personally; he had a great deal to

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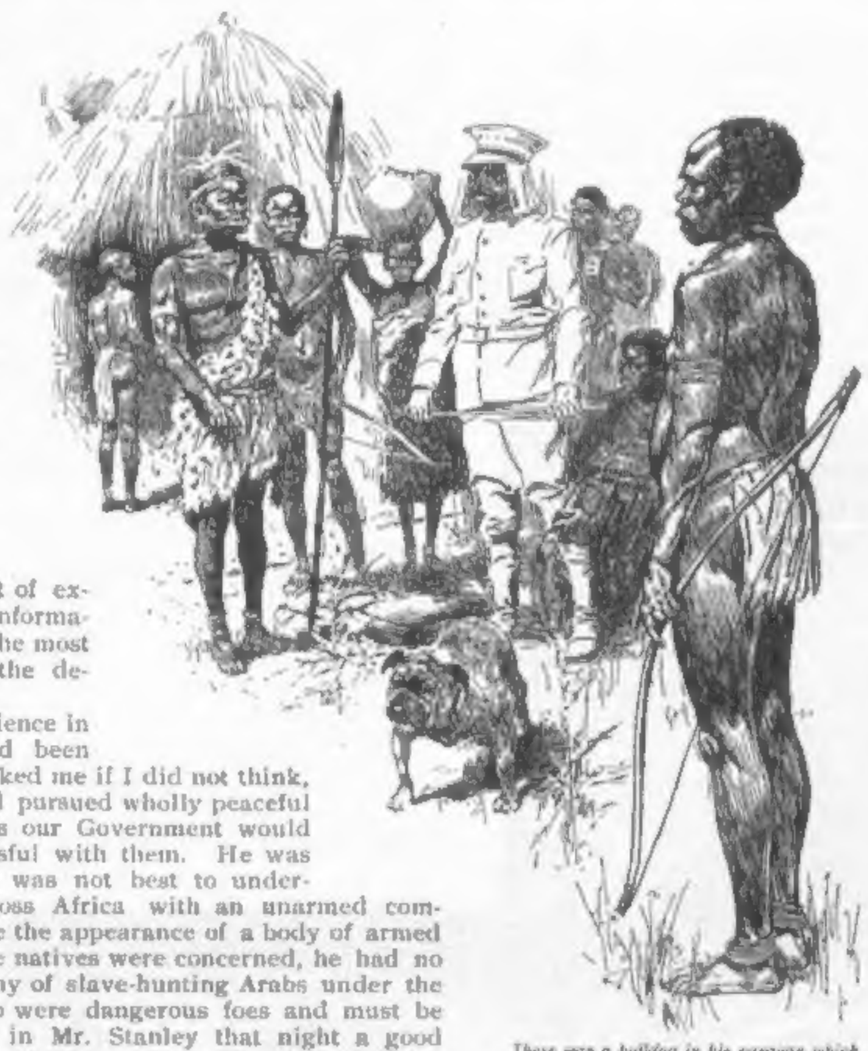
Editor's Note—This is the first of two anecdotal papers about the man who was sent to "find" Livingstone.

do. He had accepted a commission to go back to Africa at once, heading an expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha; there was no time to lose, for he must equip the expedition in the shortest possible time, as many lives were at stake.

Early in the forenoon people began to call. There were representatives of the manufacturers of firearms and every sort of equipment necessary for the work.

That evening, after a long day of consultations and dictations of correspondence in preparation for his hurried departure, after we had dined together, Mr. Stanley sat down in my office for about two hours, smoking vigorously and uttering not a word. I knew he was undergoing a severe mental struggle. He realized the hazardous risk he was taking, the deprivation and suffering incumbent on such an expedition with the chances, even the most favorable to be considered, against losing not only his own life, but the lives of many others. He finally spoke to me of the singular business he had been engaged in during the day—that of examining and getting information as to which were the most effective firearms for the destruction of human life.



There was a bulldog in his caravan which attracted the especial admiration of a Karagua chief

As his and my experience in the Indian country had been somewhat similar, he asked me if I did not think, after all, that if we had pursued wholly peaceful tactics with the Indians our Government would have been more successful with them. He was considering whether it was not best to undertake this mission across Africa with an unarmed company rather than to have the appearance of a body of armed invaders. So far as the natives were concerned, he had no misgivings, but the army of slave-hunting Arabs under the leadership of Tippo Tip were dangerous foes and must be resisted. I discovered in Mr. Stanley that night a good man, with a brave, sympathetic, tender heart. I know I felt a deep sympathy and love for him and confidence in him that has lasted ever since and will last while I live.

Saturday morning Mr. Stanley and his stenographer were at work early. People that he had set to work on Sunday were going in and out, all busy carrying out instructions or orders for such arms and equipment as he wanted and could best get in this country. I know he ordered several hundred repeating rifles and a large stock of camp equipments.

Monday night a dinner was given to Mr. Stanley at Delmonico's by his friend, Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, an American merchant residing in London. It was a delightful occasion. All who were present knew Stanley well and expressed absolute faith in the ultimate success of this the most hazardous adventure the great explorer had ever attempted. As the Eidier was to sail at the unseasonable hour of four the next morning, we proposed to see Stanley on board the ship, so there was a long evening on hand. Stanley related many incidents of his African experiences, among them a visit among the Karaguas, a large and somewhat intelligent African tribe. There was a bulldog in his caravan which attracted the especial admiration of a Karagua chief, who called attention to the fact that the white man's dog resembled his men more than the white man himself, for the dog's nose and the Karagua's noses were very much alike, and the white man and the Karagua dogs were also very much alike, both having long noses.

It was proposed that we adjourn to Madison Square Garden. We occupied two boxes and enjoyed the performance to a late hour. And as it was not in the nature of Stanley to keep his friends waiting up all night, he insisted on a separation then and there, that he might go on board the steamer. As he and I shook hands when we parted, all that he said to me was: "I owe you eighty-nine lectures which I will deliver if ever I return from Africa."

Home Again After Three Years in Africa

Stanley went to Africa; three years rolled by, during two years of which no tidings were heard of him or his expedition. Finally the news came—he had reached the goal. Since his departure for Africa I had been non-committal in all of my correspondence for Stanley. I heard that his London agent was booking dates. I was satisfied that if such were the case he was doing it without authority, for no one had had time to hear from him; besides, he was otherwise engaged. His friend, Mr. Wellcome, in London, wrote me that he was sure Stanley would not lecture, as he had his book to write, besides, he was such a hero now and was receiving so much recognition from Royalty, that he could not lecture in public, for it would be undignified. The air was full of rumors, but remembering Stanley's last words, I had not the slightest fear of these rumors.

In due time, after the explorer's arrival in Zanzibar with Emin Pasha, I received a long letter from him, telling me that he had yet to finish his book; that as soon as he got to London he would write me again. He reached there in April, 1890, after an absence of three and one-half years. Business took me to London at that time, where I arrived on May 8, 1890. Stanley was the hero of the hour and his name was on every tongue. Here let me say that at no time had I for one moment a doubt of his safe return to civilization, nor—a matter of much less moment—a single fear that when the time came he would fail me in renewing the broken lecture tour we were engaged in when he was called to take the leadership of the Emin Relief Expedition. This brief statement will serve as a key to the little comedy that followed on my arrival. It was given out that Mr. Stanley would see no one. The book, which he himself considered as his report of the Emin Expedition, was being written, and the publishers naturally were pressing for "copy." There were other reasons for speech, as was seen when the cruel and strangely sad story of The Rear Guard had not only to be published but more fully explained in its tragic features, because a concerted attack on Stanley's reputation in Great Britain was made. It came about when there was a possibility of its wrecking the lecture tour which finally grew into the most successful lecture engagement ever made in the United States.

I said nothing of all this in London, but at once called on Mr. Wellcome at his place of business there. I found him absorbed in preparations for a great dinner to be given to Henry M. Stanley by "Americans in London." He declared himself glad to see me, but regretting that he was too busy to give me any attention. I was at once informed that no one could see Stanley. He received no callers in his apartment, I was candidly told, and was so overwhelmed with letters and cards that none received attention except those under Royal seal. I must wait until June 3 and see him at the banquet, where all would have an equal chance. There was no use writing him, for he opened no letters. So I must wait and take my chances with the crowd, according to this information. At the same time, I could see no reason why I should not drop Mr. Stanley a line of congratulation and let him know I was near him. This I did.

The next morning a rap on my door and a call, "Letter, sir." "Tuck it under the door," I replied. I took my time for getting out of bed. When I did get up and opened the letter I found it was from Mr. Stanley, dated the same evening I had written him:

"34 Devere Gardens, S. W.

"DEAR MAJOR POND: I am glad to know that you are in London; come down and see me at eleven to-morrow. You will see 'Not In' on the door. Get right into the lift and come straight to my apartments. Will be glad to see you.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

Stanley's I.O.U. for Eighty-Nine Lectures

I was in that "lift" at exactly eleven o'clock on the morning of May 14, 1890. The "lift" boy asked, "Is this Major Pond?" "Yes," I replied. "This way, please," and he opened a door. There stood Stanley; not the Stanley of three and one-half years ago. His black hair was now white. We grasped each other by the hand, and it was some time before Stanley said: "It's all right, Major. I am glad to see you. Sit down." I replied that I did not want to occupy one moment of his time. He assured me that I need not hurry. So for two hours he entertained me, relating much of his experience; how gratifying it was to return and how much he would like to accept the generous hospitality and courtesies shown him on all sides, but he had his book to finish and some engagements to dine with friends, so with the coming dinner by Americans he was filled up as far as he dared engage himself. Of course, I said nothing about lecturing in America and soon arose to bid him "Good-by." He asked for my address, which was given, but I did not see him again until the American banquet. Then he discovered me in the crowd and sent for me, and in the presence of that great crowd of hero-worshipers and banqueters, introduced me to his officers, Doctor Park, Stairs, Jephoen and Nelson, who were seated on the right and left of him.

After this first interview I thought I would call on Mr. Wellcome again. I found him still eagerly engaged in the preparations for the coming banquet. He was very cordial. I told him that I had called to see if I could ascertain any further news about our hero. He assured me that I should surely see him at the dinner; but he could give me one piece of news: Stanley was not going to lecture. I did not tell him, or any one else, that I had seen Stanley.

Business kept me fast in London until early in June. It was Friday, the sixth, when I received a telegram from Stanley at Ascott, asking me to meet him at his London apartments at five o'clock that day. I was there and he met me cordially, saying:

"Major Pond, on the twenty-fifth of September I am to be married and on the tenth of October I take a degree at Cambridge. I owe you eighty-nine lectures. It is needless for me to tell you that I have received some very fabulous offers: I show you two of them, but I conceal the signatures."

They were very dazzling. I recognized the writing of one of them. It was an offer of fifteen hundred dollars a lecture for one hundred lectures, and all expenses from London and return.

"I have no thought of accepting them. I want you to go to your hotel and put your proposition in writing, whatever you wish; do the best you can for me. Come Sunday at five o'clock and we will sign the papers. We will have a little dinner together. I will introduce you to the future Mrs. Stanley. Then you can go about your work."

I was there with the proposition made out in duplicate, and found a card on the door which read as follows:

"MAJOR: Unavoidably called away. Put the papers under the door. I will sign and return them." (No signature.)

I was disappointed, not distrustful. I had expected to meet Miss Tennant, of whom there was being so much said and written. It was a lonesome walk back to my hotel. I did not care to visit the club and did not want to talk, so I dropped into a Methodist meeting at St. James' Hall, heard the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes give a great crowd a real Calvinistic lashing, and then dined at the Café Royal, alone and gloomy and homesick. Reaching my hotel at ten o'clock I found a package in a large envelope waiting for me. It was the contract I had drawn up and left at Stanley's apartments, duly signed by Henry M. Stanley. It was for one hundred lectures, more or less, in America, to begin in New York Tuesday, November 11, 1890. Not an alteration of any kind nor a word of suggestion.

I did smile all by myself that night and the smile lingered on my face all the next day, when I called again on my friend Wellcome and told him I was going back home to America, asking him if he could possibly give me any encouragement about Stanley; he replied that he could not. "It would not do for so great a man so to disregard the general sentiment of Royalty as to condescend to lecture for money, though he might obey Royal command and speak for some charities."

The Confusion of Mr. Wellcome

I told him that I was going on Wednesday to Glasgow (the Royal Scottish Geographical Society were to dine Stanley that night, and I had received an invitation from the President, of course, at Stanley's request) and I wished he, Villiers and a few friends would dine with me at the Savoy on Tuesday. Wellcome accepted, and six of his friends and my friends had a jolly good time. During the evening Mr. Wellcome entertained us with talk about his friend Stanley. Everybody *knew* he was the nearest man to the hero of the hour.

During the evening Mr. Wellcome mentioned that Stanley was going to be banqueted in Glasgow. I suggested (having an invitation in my pocket) that I would like to be there. He explained how impossible it was for any one not a member to obtain an invitation or to be admitted.

After a long and to me enjoyable evening, when the gray of dawn showed itself on the Thames embankment, the party broke up. I called Mr. Wellcome to one side and in strict confidence told him that I had a contract with Stanley for an American lecture tour; that we had been frequently together; that I was going to Glasgow to the Stanley dinner. He—well, he wilted!

We grasped each other by the hand, and it was some time before Stanley said, "It's all right, Major"

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Doctor Gladden in City Politics

Sometimes in politics the independent reformer is a great fraud, for in the course of several months or years, should he be successful in getting elected or appointed, he often develops into a fine professional office-seeker. Of course there are many exceptions to this, and certainly one of them is Dr. Washington Gladden, who is known to millions of readers for his broad and philanthropic work in literature, and to all of the city of Columbus, Ohio, by his successful pastorate of one of its famous churches. Doctor Gladden does not restrict his usefulness to the pulpit, and recently when there was a municipal election on he took part in the fight. He ran for the City Council in the richest residence ward of the city where there was a Republican majority of over five hundred in a total vote of only 2000. Although he received the indorsement of the Democratic primaries, he ran strictly as an Independent. Around his candidacy was organized a Non-Partisan Municipal Association which made a house-to-house canvass. The fight was an extremely lively one, and Doctor Gladden was elected by a majority of 76 over the regular nominee of the Republican party.

One secret of Doctor Gladden's strength in addition to his high standing as a man was his position on the street railway franchise. He claimed that the street railways of Columbus should be rechartered by the new council, and he expressed his conviction that a three-cent fare would return good remuneration upon the actual cost of the plant and equipment.

"I believe," he said, "that a straight three-cent fare—perhaps with a transfer of five cents—would pay a good interest on what the road and its equipment have actually cost." He received many votes upon this issue.

Mr. Bill Cook's Lost Opportunity

Miss Maude Adams, whose real home, Sandy-garth, is set in the midst of the woods in an exceedingly rural part of Long Island, tells this story of herself and a somewhat distant neighbor, one Bill Cook, of whom she buys cattle, and to whom she goes for all sorts of advice pertaining to the management of her modest stock farm.

On the occasion of her first visit to Bill Cook, Bill knew no more of Miss Adams than her name, and when she expressed a desire for a second-hand wagon that she happened to see in the yard, he let her have it for the price he would have charged any one else. A day or two after, when he was standing in the door of the blacksmith's shop, Miss Adams drove by in that identical wagon, and the blacksmith, who is a reader of the daily news, looked up from his anvil and remarked:

"There goes a woman who made $100,000 in six weeks just by play-acting."

"And I let her have that good wagon for thirty-five dollars!" groaned Bill Cook.

Mr. McKinley's Democratic Secretary

George Bruce Cortelyou, Secretary to the President, is one of the most expert stenographers in the world.

He is also a musician, and he has degrees from two universities as a lawyer. In addition to this he has contributed to periodicals and newspapers, and has the respect of all classes of public men.

A curious fact in his career is that it was through Mr. Cleveland that he was transferred to the White House, his services in the Post Office Department having attracted the attention of the President. This led to his appointment as Executive Clerk, which position he filled with conspicuous success.

The position of Secretary to the Senate received official recognition when Daniel Lamont was in the White House. In reality it is of larger importance than a Cabinet position, and for this reason the title was changed and the salary was increased.

For more than a year before Mr. John Addison Porter resigned Mr. Cortelyou was practically the confidential manager to the President, and his appointment to the office followed as a matter of course.

He is very popular with the newspaper correspondents and with all others in spite of the many difficulties of the position, for hardly one out of a hundred people who call can see the President, although all the visitors think that they should have the right of an immediate interview. The other day there was a large crowd waiting in the outer room of the White House, and among these Mr. Cortelyou mingled in his diplomatic way.

Some one said, "I like Cortelyou; he is so democratic."

"Yes," drawled out a Southern journalist, "democratic in everything except his politics."

The Day Senator Platt was Talkative

Among the strong points of United States Senator Thomas Collier Platt, of New York, is his knowledge of human nature. He is seldom mistaken in a man, and this is a trait that is essential for political managers to possess. This characteristic was never better illustrated than by a transaction between the Republican "boss" and a reporter on a New York evening newspaper not long ago. Political matters were warm in the Empire State and Mr. Platt's views were in great demand. One day the city editor of this journal sent his best reporter down to interview Mr. Platt at his business office in lower Broadway. The reporter was a favorite

DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN
MRS. ISABELLA M. ALDEN ANNA A. GORDON EUGENIE THAIS LAWTON
GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

of the Senator and he had never betrayed his confidence.

"What do you want?" the Senator asked.

"I want your views on the Brooklyn fight."

"I'm busy to-day," returned the Senator. "You know how I feel about that matter. Write a little piece about it for me and I'll stand by it. Good-by."

When the reporter got back to his office the city editor asked him what he had.

"A talk with Platt."

"Is it a good one?"

"First class. How much do you want of it?"

"Let it run," replied the city editor.

So the reporter turned out a two-column interview. The next day, uptown, the reporter met the Senator in a hotel corridor.

"I was rather talkative yesterday, wasn't I?" he said.

The Making of Governor Brady

A good many years ago John G. Brady, the present Governor of Alaska, was a little boy in New York City. At that time he possessed but one name—that of Brady—by which he was known among the other street Arabs of his neighborhood. He was a homeless, orphaned waif, who picked up a scanty living by selling papers, blacking boots and doing odd jobs about the city streets. While still a very young lad he was taken West with a carload of children like himself for distribution.

In a small town in Indiana there lived a lawyer—Judge Green—who came home to dinner one day and told his wife about the invoice of children that had just come to town. She listened with interest, and then said:

"I think we ought to take one, John." Her husband looked at her a moment.

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Yes; why not? We can well afford it," she replied.

"Well, then, I'll go right down before the car is taken away and pick out the toughest gamin in the lot for you."

In a little while he returned, leading a small, dirty-faced boy, who seemed to fulfil most satisfactorily the requirement he had mentioned.

That was the way John Green Brady—the boy took his patron's name—found his way into a Christian home. He went through the public grammar and high schools, and then, partly through his own efforts and partly through the kindness of Judge Green, took a course at Yale College. After his graduation he went to Sitka, Alaska, as a missionary, where he worked for several years as a preacher and teacher. Later he became a trader, but still continued to wield an influence for good with the Indians.

In appearance, Governor Brady is a strongly built man of medium height. He wears his hair and beard in a manner that reminds one of his sometime neighbor, the grizzly bear. Though he cares very little for the small amenities, there is a certain charm in his ruggedly honest manner, and all who come in contact with him realize at once the stern integrity of his character. In his missionary days he very soon won the respect and affection of the Indians, which he has never lost in his long experience as a trader and storekeeper.

Though living for so long a time on the edge of the continent, far away from his Alma Mater and all centres of literature and learning, he has kept up his intellectual life. At one time, for mere pleasure, he taught geometry to the son and daughter of a friend who was an official at Sitka; again he read Chaucer and Spenser with the beautiful woman who has long since resigned her position of Government school teacher to become his wife. Now they have a family of stalwart sons and daughters.

At present Governor Brady is bending all his efforts to induce Congress to give Alaska better laws, and his efforts in the direction of the development of our remote territory ought to meet with success, for he has shown throughout his long service in Alaska that he has the best interests of the country at heart, and is not influenced by politics.

A Fountain Built with Dimes

Anna Adams Gordon, the vice-president at large of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was for twenty-one years private secretary to the late Frances E. Willard, and it was due to her that the beautiful Willard Fountain opposite Willard Hall, Chicago, was erected. She is a woman of tireless energy and excellent system, and she contrived a plan of dime collections from the children of the United States. It was these ten-cent pieces which paid for the fountain.

Miss Gordon was born in Boston and was educated at Mt. Holyoke College. She has written six books connected with the temperance cause to which she has devoted her life.

Mrs. Alden's Registered Trade-Mark

One of the most prolific writers of this country is Mrs. Isabella Macdonald Alden, who has written nearly one hundred books of one kind or another. The most of these are Sunday-school publications, but this year she has broadened out and has collaborated with Mrs. C. M. Livingston in a novel which is called The Way of the Wilderness. Mrs. Alden is better known to the young and old children of the country as "Pansy," and so valuable did this title become because of her various stories that it was formally registered as a trade-mark. Mrs. Alden's books have been translated into a dozen languages.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

Running for the Highest Office on Earth

It is easier to run for President of the United States than for alderman or coroner. This is one of the peculiar facts of American politics. The Constitution throws the contest wide open to everybody who aspires to the Chief Magistracy. From the first day the boy enters the public school he is led to know that he may become President of the United States. Examples are before him. Those who slept upon the ground in the primitive log cabins, who rode the uncongenial mule along the tow-path, who hewed their way to fortune through the unfamiliar wildernesses, reached the proudest position in all the world. These instances are regularly cited in the lessons and recitations, and thus each generation is brought up to believe. Thus, too, the Presidency, as far as the election laws are concerned, has been kept as free and as wide as possible; but in local matters there has been a closing up of the side streets. The man who wishes to be mayor or alderman must possess a certain amount of property, must show a certain amount of strength, must possess a number of things before he can presume to invite the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. On the face of these circumstances running for the Presidency is easier than running for the City Council or for the Legislature, but of course other things make the conditions different.

In all recent elections several tickets have gone forth with no hope of success, but were persisted in because of the transient glory that comes of being a nominee for the greatest office in the world. Whatever party may come up and however curious and peculiar its tenets and inclination may be, one can always find two men to accept its nominations. A very interesting fact explains this. When a man is nominated for the Presidency his name stands forth for evermore as a fact in American history. Even though he has no chance of election his name is perpetuated as long as the nation endures.

There are a great many people who cannot understand why a man should accept the leadership of a losing cause, but the very person who takes a Presidential nomination of a party which is hopelessly in the minority may live in history a thousand years longer than the person of millions who laughs at him for his folly.

But this is not the full reason for the political fever which so many men catch of their own accord. It is the special glory of this country that men not only seek to achieve success in politics, but that they strive to turn their material fortunes into political eminence. Most men run for office for the glory of it. There is a fascination in the publicity, an attraction in the cheers of an audience, in the applause of a party. It is a great thing to be at the head of any movement, especially when it is connected with such a place as the Presidency of the greatest and richest nation of the world. The only thing that prevents more factions and more parties from being formed is the fact that a Presidential campaign is a costly undertaking.

The Conventions that Have Been Held

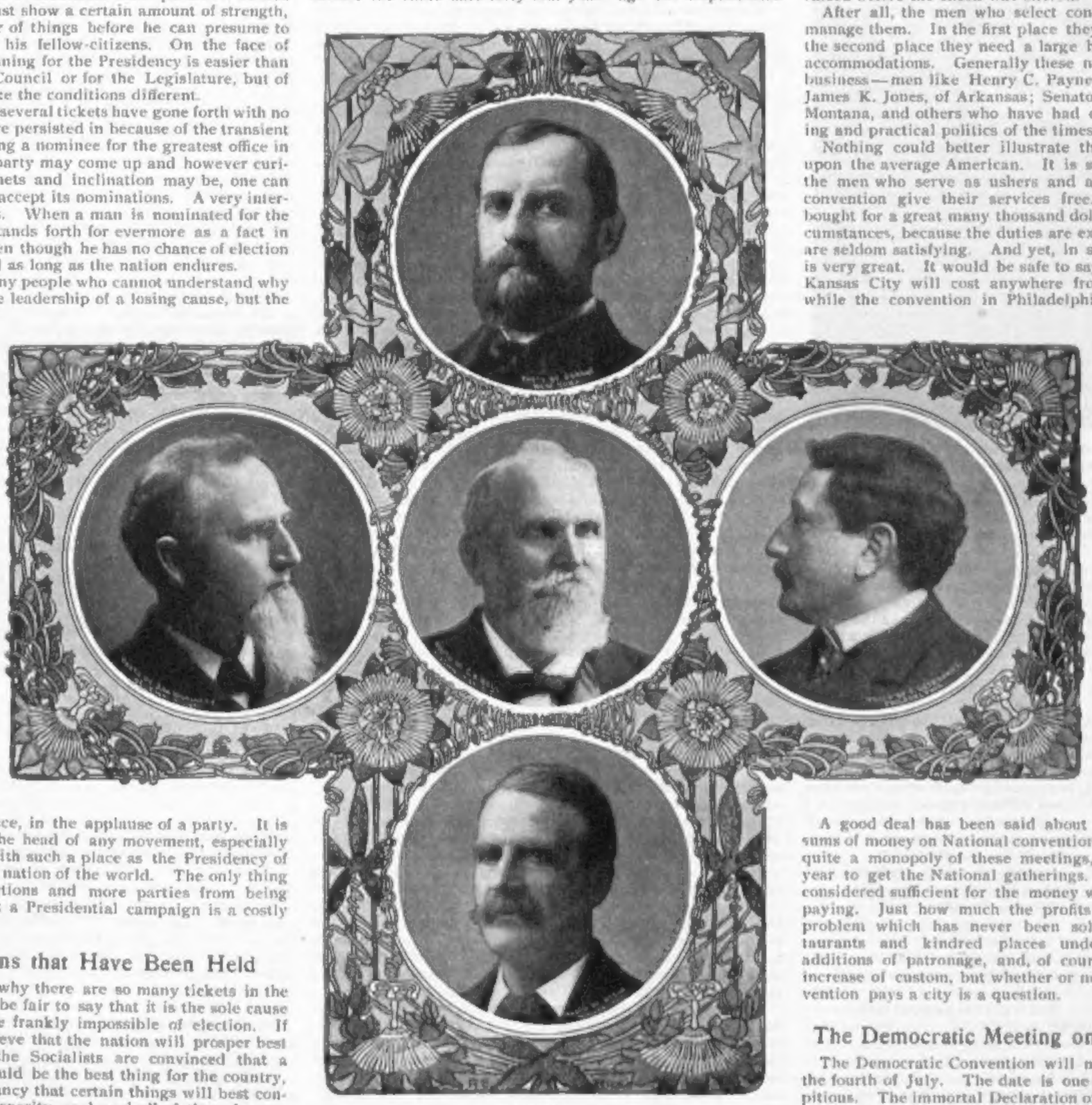
That partly explains why there are so many tickets in the field, but it would not be fair to say that it is the sole cause of nominations that are frankly impossible of election. If the Prohibitionists believe that the nation will prosper best on cold water, or if the Socialists are convinced that a division of property would be the best thing for the country, or if any body of men fancy that certain things will best conduce to the general prosperity, each and all of them have a perfect right to put forth their principles and their candidates. In such a case there is a natural struggle for leadership. There never was an organization formed or a movement started for whose honors there were not competitions. How much greater, therefore, should be the desire to lead in any part of the great Presidential contest. Even in the side shows there must be ambitions.

So far two conventions have been held—one in Sioux City nominating Mr. Bryan as the Populist candidate for President and Mr. Charles A. Towne as the candidate for Vice-President. So distinguished a Populist as Senator Pettigrew was there to superintend the proceedings. It has since been announced that Mr. Towne is ready to step down and out, and that he was placed upon the ticket as a convenient stalking horse. The other convention on the same date was at Cincinnati, when Mr. Wharton Barker was nominated for President and Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, for Vice-President. These claim to be the Middle-of-the-Road Populists, and they represent the curious fact that even in the most radical of movements there are irreconcilable factions. The Sioux City Convention is a kind of adjunct to the Democratic Convention, but it is scarcely likely that many of those who took part in the Cincinnati gathering will indorse what shall be done at Kansas City in the first week of July.

The Convention's Life of Three Days

On June 19 the Republican convention will meet in Philadelphia. It is the comment of the newspapers of all parties that it will be a cut and dried affair. How far this is true remains to be seen, but if there should be no special enthusiasm, enough will have to be manufactured to keep the affair going for at least three days. That is the tacit, if not the acknowledged, agreement of all convention managers with the city in which the convention is held. Otherwise the good citizens who contribute the cash for the expenses of the affair would not be able to get their money back.

The historical interest in this country is the fact that almost the same date forty-four years ago the Republicans



THOMAS H. CARTER — R. F. PETTIGREW — JAMES K. JONES — SAMUEL H. ASHBRIDGE — H. C. PAYNE

held their first national meeting in Philadelphia. It was not such a crowd as that which will assemble this month, not a mass of cheering thousands with music and accompaniments that involved an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, but a comparatively few earnest people who were organizing a new political party in the United States.

Abraham Lincoln was proposed for the Vice-Presidency and he received 110 votes, but Dayton got 259 and thus the man from Illinois was withdrawn. The thing that defeated Lincoln was the question all around, "Who is Abraham Lincoln?" Of course, history has answered the question, but it did not answer it quick enough in that convention to bring about his nomination. Another thing that helped to defeat Lincoln was the generally expressed doubt as to his fighting qualities. The man who proved to be the greatest war President in our history was regarded as too timid.

The Machinery of National Conventions

It seems a whole lot of noise and fun to the average person who attends a National convention. He sees the glare in the blare of it all. It is like a great big show—a wonderful circus—an impromptu exhibition of political enthusiasm, but back of it all is the keenest kind of business sense and organization. In the first place, it takes money. That is why the convention usually goes to the city which offers the most cash. Philadelphia captured the Republicans by a check for $100,000. It happened that the check did not represent much at the time, but it was banked upon local pride; and through the very vigorous and effective efforts of Mayor Ashbridge that large sum was finally collected from the citizens. Of course, after it was known that the city was committed it would not do for the people to falter, and by hard work and industry the amount was finally collected. Kansas City was a little more fortunate in that the money was all raised before the check was offered.

After all, the men who select conventions are those who manage them. In the first place they want the cash, and in the second place they need a large hall and abundant hotel accommodations. Generally these men are veterans in the business—men like Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin; Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas; Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, and others who have had experience in the working and practical politics of the times.

Nothing could better illustrate the hold of partisanship upon the average American. It is said that practically all the men who serve as ushers and assistant managers in a convention give their services free. These could not be bought for a great many thousand dollars under ordinary circumstances, because the duties are exacting, and the returns are seldom satisfying. And yet, in spite of all this the cost is very great. It would be safe to say that the convention in Kansas City will cost anywhere from $20,000 to $30,000, while the convention in Philadelphia may be double that sum. It is the habit of the campaign committees after each contest is over to burn its records, and no man will say how much money was spent or where it was spent. There are two facts, however, which seem to be generally admitted. One is that the Republicans had a large surplus at the close of their last contest, and another is that of the $20,000 contributed by the people of Chicago for the last Democratic Convention every cent was consumed in the cost of the convention, and not a dollar reached the committee for the Presidential contest.

A good deal has been said about declining to pay large sums of money on National conventions. Chicago, which had quite a monopoly of these meetings, made little effort this year to get the National gatherings. The returns were not considered sufficient for the money which the city had been paying. Just how much the profits are to any place is a problem which has never been solved. The hotels, restaurants and kindred places undoubtedly receive large additions of patronage, and, of course, the stores have an increase of custom, but whether or not the Presidential convention pays a city is a question.

The Democratic Meeting on Jefferson's Day

The Democratic Convention will meet at Kansas City on the fourth of July. The date is one that is politically propitious. The immortal Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, has that as its natal day, and as he is regarded as the father of American Democracy his name will naturally play a large part in the proceedings.

Soon after Kansas City was chosen as a meeting place the splendid convention hall, which was one of the deciding features of the contest, was burned to the ground, but the spirit of the people was not hindered by such an incident. Just as soon as the ruins could be cleared another building was begun. Unfortunately there was not enough time to build the galleries of the old structure, but with judicious distribution there will be accommodations for at least 13,000 people in the new building. It is said that thousands of farmers will drive from the prairies in the old schooner wagons which are familiar in the illustrations of Western life, and political use will be made of this fact. Contrast will be drawn between the sturdy farmer who drives modestly into Kansas City and the plutocrat who rolls luxuriously in his palace car into Philadelphia. This, of course, is a part of the game of politics.

In the meanwhile it is stated that neither Mr. Bryan nor Admiral Dewey will magnetize the convention by his presence.

IT IS A SPLENDID SIGHT TO SEE THOSE GLOSSY CREATURES LEAP FROM OVERHANGING CLIFFS INTO THE WATER FULLY FIFTY FEET BELOW

How the Great New York Aquarium Was Made and Lost

From the Notes of W. C. Coup

Edited by Forrest Crissey

EVERY prominent showman has had some venture into which he has put his whole heart. Nothing in my career touched and moved me like the great New York Aquarium enterprise. Into this I not only put a fortune—more hundreds of thousands of dollars than were ever put into anything of the kind before or since—but I also invested the ambitions of my life.

I was inspired by a profound desire to promote the interests of natural science in what appeared to me its most picturesque and attractive field—the marine world; and everything concerned in this mammoth undertaking exercised a strange fascination over me. All commercialism vanished, and I was as true and devoted a student of the wonders which I had collected as was the most erudite scientist that had ever looked upon that strange assemblage of creatures from the depths of arctic and torrid oceans.

Neither money nor pains was spared to the end of maintaining an aquarium approximating that of my fondest dreams. Early in the history of this gigantic enterprise I became associated with a member of one of the great animal importing houses, a German, my partner, although I undertook the active management of the institution.

The aquarium was first opened in October, 1876, the year of the Centennial, and I think I may truthfully say that the former received as frequent mention in the press of the day as did the latter.

The Quest of the Three-Tailed Kingio

On the first opening of the New York Aquarium I exhibited a fish from Japanese waters which was no larger than a man's hand. The Japanese name of this species is *kingio*, and the fish is very handsome in appearance, having three perfect tails, and is so graceful in its movements that these tails resemble folds of beautiful lace. It was presented to me by a friend of mine in Baltimore, who was in the habit of spending a portion of each year in Japan. Knowing how far advanced are the Japanese in pisciculture, this gentleman succeeded in persuading me to interest myself in their methods. I soon learned that these three-tailed fishes were the result of the Japanese system of breeding, of which they alone knew the secret, and when, on investigation, I learned that their waters contain many varieties of fish of gorgeous colors, I determined to spare no expense to possess a collection from this coast, especially after I learned that even Nature itself seemed reversed there, and that there are fishes in those waters that swim on their backs.

Supplying a trusty agent with the necessary money, I first sent him to Yokohama, with letters of introduction to some friends of mine. Here, assisted by the natives, he commenced forming his collection. The captured fish were placed in a series of tanks swung from the deck of the steamer, and so arranged that a constant flow of water from a cheaply improvised reservoir should keep the fish in a healthy condition. However, the use of this device proved the inexperience of the agent, for, although the fish managed to thrive for about twenty days' time, one after another died until, on the twenty-eighth day of the voyage, on landing in San Francisco, he was obliged to wire me that not a single fish had survived the passage. My answer was: "Take the same steamer back to Japan and try again." This he did with somewhat better success, reaching San Francisco with eighteen live fish belonging to rare and beautiful species. From his description I judged that they could not be worth less than $1000 each. My hopes were high for the ultimate success of the undertaking. But my pleasure was destined to be short-lived, as my agent arrived at the Aquarium with only one living fish. The changeable climate and the overland journey had been too much for the delicate beauties from Oriental waters, and one by one they had expired, leaving "a sole survivor to tell the tale."

Just as a matter of personal curiosity I figured up the cost of this precious member of the finny tribe from far-away Japan. He cost me more than $2200 in gold. This may be scoffed at by some as a very fishy fish story, but when it is remembered that this specimen represented the outlay of two expeditions from America to Japan, including expenses for tanks, Japanese assistance, and all the ocean transportation, it will easily be realized that this statement is within reasonable limits.

Half Hours with Bashful Whales

We were equally zealous in our efforts to obtain the largest living creatures of the deep; and the fact that we exhibited live whales from the Isle Aux Condries was proof of our enterprise in this direction. Whales are timid, stupid creatures; in pursuit of small fish they run up close to the shore, and are captured by a comparatively simple method. Across the mouth of some deep bay a line of piles is driven when the water is at low tide; then the fishing fleet only awaits the arrival of a school of cetacea. These will sooner or later be seen rushing madly shoreward in pursuit of the schools of smaller fish on which they feed. When the whales are sighted the fishing vessels separate and endeavor to surround the assemblage of marine monsters. At high tide, when the line of piles is deeply submerged, the fleet crowds in toward the shore, and the frightened whales take refuge in the bay. Here they remain undisturbed, and are generally quiet until they feel the tide receding. Then they become restless, and finally make a dash for deep water, only to run against the line of piles. It would be comparatively easy for a big whale to batter a great gap in the improvised fence, and, in fact, there is frequently room enough between certain piles for him to pass through unharmed, but he is naturally timid and cowardly, and when within a yard or two of the piles, wheels about and darts back in terror toward the shore. This fruitless and exhausting manœuvre is kept up until the tide has completely gone out and he is left helpless and stranded. In all my experience in this peculiar line of live fishing I have never known a whale to break through the barrier of piles and make his escape.

A Slippery Deal in Sea-Lions

In 1870 my men captured the first seals, or "sea-lions," as we termed them. The hunters experienced no difficulty in ensnaring these creatures by means of wire nets. This observation is a most interesting one in view of the fact that later we found it impossible to procure them by this method, showing that their intuitive sense of self-protection had taught them to fear man and to avoid his devices. No sooner did we find that these curious creatures had learned wisdom from the experience of their unfortunate fellows than we set about to originate some other plan by which we might make captives.

Each of our first seals cost more than would five good specimens to-day, and they died before we could perfect our arrangements for exhibiting them. This was very discouraging, but we determined to try again, and our renewed efforts were rewarded with better success. One of the captives was an enormous creature and lived until the Fourteenth Street fire, when he was burned, together with $300,000 worth of other personal property.

Some of these monster sea-lions are very deceiving when seen in their native element and surroundings. At a little distance they do not appear larger than an ordinary Newfoundland dog, but when captured are found to weigh from twelve hundred to two thousand pounds, and to measure from thirteen to fifteen feet in length. It is a splendid sight to see these glossy creatures leap from overhanging cliffs into the water fully fifty feet below.

After our first capture there was a great demand for these animals from superintendents of zoölogical gardens in all the large cities of this and foreign countries. Realizing the large profits to be acquired by meeting this demand, I greatly desired to replenish our stock of sea-lions, and made an arrangement to that end with a man in California. We supplied him with all the money he required, which mounted high in the thousands of dollars by the time he had captured about three carloads of the interesting creatures. The man then came on to New York and delivered ten of the animals to us, stating that the others were en route. We at once wrote to the zoölogical gardens at Cincinnati and Philadelphia, offering to supply them with these rare animals. Imagine my surprise and indignation when I received answers to these communications, stating that the gardens had already procured sea-lions—from our agent! Of course we instantly made an investigation, and discovered that this crafty hunter had also supplied various European institutions with sea-lions, for the capture of which we had furnished the money. The fellow disappeared before we were thoroughly alive to the extent of the swindle which he had carried forward to such a brilliant success, and I have never seen him since. As he was a "canny Scot," he probably retired to his native heath and purchased himself a castle in the Highlands. Certainly he could easily have done this on the proceeds of his nefarious enterprise, for at that time the sea-lions commanded from $2000 to $2500 each in the European cities, and the market could not be satisfied even at that price. Take several carloads of sea-lions at these figures and the total would represent a snug little fortune.

An Eventful Monday Morning at the Aquarium

So far as I am able to learn, no enterprise of the magnitude of the New York Aquarium was ever disposed of on the flip of a penny. This transaction may not, at first thought, appeal to the church people of the country as being right, and the average business man will doubtless condemn it as unbusinesslike. The attending circumstances, however, were peculiar. This true story was never made public by my partner or myself, and the transaction always had a touch of mystery in the eyes of the showmen of the country.

From the opening of the Aquarium until a certain eventful day its success, financially, scientifically and morally, was unqualified. This, as I have already intimated, was in large measure due to the enthusiastic support of clergymen, scientists and educators, whose commendations brought us the patronage of the intelligent masses with whom these eminent leaders of thought had the greatest influence.

I received scores of letters from celebrated divines indorsing the Aquarium, and these were, of course, made use of in the way of advertising. My partner was a German and could not appreciate the American feeling for the Sabbath.

He was determined to open the doors of the museum for Sunday patronage, declaring that this would bring in a very large number of people who were naturally inclined to Sabbath-day pleasure-seeking, and were quite generally interested in things of a scientific nature. He continued this campaign of argument for two years, during which I steadfastly urged that such a step would be an offense to the belief of the majority of our patrons; that it would bring into the place an undesirable element, from which it had been entirely free, and that the enterprise was enjoying a steady prosperity with which it would be wise to remain content.

Then I repeatedly tried to buy his interest in the Aquarium, but he steadfastly refused to yield a single point, and became more imperative in his demands for Sunday opening. This persistency and increasing aggressiveness at last wore me out. One Monday morning, as he dropped in at the office and once more brought up the old contention, I determined that it should be settled, in one way or another, before he left the room. Instinctively I felt there was no use offering to purchase his interest, for I had previously gone to the limit of reason in that direction.

The Ultimate Fate of the Aquarium

Calmly and coolly I took a mental survey of the whole situation during a moment of silence between his arguments for Sunday opening. In addition to the Aquarium, we also had a joint interest in four giraffes and five small elephants. The Aquarium was worth at least half a million dollars, as it included the two acres of land at Coney Island, on which was located our storage and supply aquarium, from which the exhibition house was replenished with attractions.

Suddenly, as if waking out of a reverie, I fairly startled my partner with the exclamation:

"See here! we can never agree on this Sunday business in the world. I'll stump you to flip a penny to see which one of us shall take those giraffes and elephants as his portion and walk out of this place next Saturday night, leaving the other in full possession of all the Aquarium property."

"All right," he calmly answered, and led the way into the private office. There he drew up a brief statement embodying my proposition. We both signed it, and then I reached into my pocket and drew forth an old-fashioned copper cent.

"Heads I win, tails you win," said the German, as I poised the coin on the nail of my thumb. As I nodded assent to this I realized that not only my fortune, but the dearest dreams of my life depended upon the fall of that copper. More to me than this, however, was the thought that my wife had become intensely interested and strongly attached to this undertaking—so much so that it was her personal pride and joy. Still another consideration which flashed through my mind at that instant was the realization that if I lost it would mean months and years of the same sort of homeless wandering life that I had lived while building up the fortune invested in the Aquarium. These thoughts and many others flashed through my mind in less time than it takes to tell them. After scarcely a moment's hesitation I sent the coin spinning into the air. It dropped upon the desk, and I can now see just how the light fell upon the fateful "head" which transferred my fortune to my partner! Instantly I executed to him a bill of sale, covering my entire interest in the concern.

The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

By Joel Chandler Harris

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BILLY SANDERS

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.—On the first day of April, 1861, Mr. Francis Bethune, of Georgia, was sitting in the reading-room of the most popular hotel in Richmond, when his attention was arrested by a conversation held immediately behind him, from which it transpired: That a young woman from Georgia had been caught spying in Maryland; that Abraham Lincoln had interfered in her behalf and had issued a pass through the Union lines for the Southern man who should volunteer to take her back. Bethune volunteered for the service and was accepted. He took with him his old friend, Mr. Billy Sanders—a character. On their departure they were intrusted by Mr. Phil Doyle, whose conversation it was Bethune had overheard, with a sealed and addressed envelope. John Omahundro guided them by the Western route to Ohio, where they took a train direct to New York, and, registering as William Hart and Francis M. Hart, of Salem, Indiana, placed themselves in the hands of McCarthy, nominally head waiter of The New York Hotel, but in reality head agent of the Northern branch of the Confederate Secret Service.

Bethune's secret ambition was to carry home with him not only the Maryland spy, but Abraham Lincoln himself.

PART SECOND

LATER in the afternoon Captain McCarthy went to the room occupied by Bethune and Mr. Sanders, and his first words were those of congratulation. He shook Mr. Sanders by the hand with great heartiness and regarded him with undisguised admiration. "Do you know what you have done?" he cried. "You have thrown a big black bag over the head of the most capable man in the United States Secret Service. He is really an expert. He only comes here occasionally, and he is a different looking man every time he comes. The first time I saw him he had black hair, parted in the middle, and a beautiful mustache and eye-glasses. I always have a peculiar feeling when he comes into the house, and this feeling is especially strong when he comes into the dining room. I believe if he were hid in a closet and I should chance to pass near it, I'd know he was there. I know him through all his changes, and it is very fortunate that this is so. I invariably make it a point to let him know that I see through his disguise."

"You do?" exclaimed Mr. Sanders, surprise in his voice.

"Yes; it is calculated either to make him nervous or to give him a certain confidence in me. I find it is always best to appear to be perfectly straightforward, as you were at dinner," added Captain McCarthy, laughing. "Why, I had quite a confidential chat with the man not half an hour ago. When he entered the dining-room to-day I met him at the threshold with, 'Ah! good-day, sir! I'm glad to see you again.' It was a small thing to say, but it disconcerted him. Otherwise he would have addressed himself to you"—turning to Bethune—"and the consequences might not have been as pleasant as they were. He would have irritated you, sir, and I see you have something of a temper."

Bethune made a wry face. "I wish there was some sort of a patent medicine that would take it out of me," he declared.

"Time is the medicine for that—time and experience," remarked Captain McCarthy.

"It ought to 'a' been spanked out of you when you was a little chap," said Mr. Sanders; "but so fur as I know, you never got but one lickin' that done you any good, an' that was when Nan trailed you out."

Bethune blushed like a schoolgirl, for the incident rankled in his memory. The wounds our pride receives are longer in healing than those of the flesh. Captain McCarthy could see that the subject was not a pleasing one to the young man, and so he did not press Mr. Sanders for the particulars, but addressed himself to more important matters. First, there was the dispatch that Mr. Doyle had intrusted to Bethune. Captain McCarthy invited the two travelers into another room, reaching it by means of a series of connecting rooms. Here they found three or four men busily engaged in writing at a long table. Only one looked up, and he (with a "Hello, Cap!") went on with his work. To this man Captain McCarthy handed the dispatch, remarking, "See what you can make of that."

The document consisted of about a dozen lines. In this number of lines there were a number of words marked out by parallel lines, and other words crossed out. The clerk glanced at it and passed it to an older man, with the remark, "It looks all right to me." The elderly man took it and immediately began to swell, apparently with inward rage. "Looks all right, does it? Why *don't* you learn a little sense? We'll be ruined by you yet."

"Well, it's out of my line, get the SK code."

Apparently still in a rage, and with much muttering and growling, the elderly man went to a tall cabinet lined from top to bottom with pigeonholes. SK stood for Scratch Code and this he fished out from a number of others—a thin pamphlet containing a dozen or more pages printed on tissue-like paper. This queer pamphlet contained some information that was very interesting to Bethune, and to Mr. Sanders as well. It assured its readers that a certain word scratched out with one horizontal line meant one thing, with two parallel lines another thing, and so on up to five parallel lines. Then cross-scratching and cross-hatching meant so many different things according to the number of crisses and crosses and scratches and hatches, that the reader finally stood amazed at the fluency and versatility of the SK Code.

The upshot of it was that a document which appeared to be, on the face of it, a very cordial introduction, was about as follows, after the SK code had been applied:

> "The bearer of this is dangerous. Under pretext of bringing a woman from Washington he proposes to kidnap the President. He has a pass from Lincoln. His companion harmless. Will tell truth if pressed. Take initiative. Have both arrested, and then tell Secretary. This should help both of us. Let woman be brought South by (naught) (naught) rye."

It was over the conclusion of this translation that the elderly clerk growled and snorted, and finally gave it up.

"That's all I can get out of the code," he grumbled. "The last scratch stands for a cipher, an aught or a naught."

"Could it be Awtry—Waldron Awtry?" asked Bethune, turning to Sanders.

"Why, certain an' shore! I heard some of the boys say that Waldron went over to the Yankees right arter the war begun. All his mammy's folks live in Massachusetts. Why, don't you remember the chap that come to Harmony Grove in 'sixty, preachin' freedom to the niggers, an' how the boys got behind him an' come mighty nigh puttin' out his lights? Well, that chap was Madame Awtry's nevvew."

"Then that is the man," remarked Captain McCarthy with emphasis. "For some reason or other this man Doyle wants to get Awtry South again, or he knows that Awtry wants to go."

Reflecting a moment, he turned to the elderly clerk. "Mr. Crampton, that dispatch must be re-copied and re-scratched so as to give a better account of these gentlemen. Why, the nonsense about kidnaping Mr. Lincoln would send both of you to the gallows if Mr. Stanton's eye fell on it. Of course, such a thing was never contemplated." He paused and fixed an inquiring eye on Bethune.

"Well——" Bethune began, but he paused; he seemed to be too busy copying the translation of the original dispatch to complete the remark.

"Why, of course not," exclaimed Captain McCarthy. "The scheme is preposterous. That man Doyle is simply [illegible]."

Leaving Mr. Crampton, the elderly clerk, growling and grumbling over his task, which was by no means an unusual one, Captain McCarthy accompanied young Bethune and Mr. Sanders to their room again, where they discussed the situation at some length. Mr. Awtry became a new factor in the problem. Mr. Sanders and Bethune both knew him well, and he knew them. Until 1858, with the exception of two college years, he had lived all his life with his mother in Harmony Grove, and there was every reason to believe that he would recognize either one of his fellow-townsmen the moment he laid eyes on him.

"What do you propose to do about it?" Captain McCarthy inquired. He had been fully informed by this time of the plan to kidnap the President, but he did not repeat his assertion that it was preposterous. That was for his clerks.

"I'm going right ahead," replied Bethune. "There's nothing else to do."

"Yes, sir!" said Mr. Sanders. "We'll go right ahead an' brazen it out. An' if you hear I've been strung up, why jest drap a line to Meriwether Clopton, Esquire, that William H. Sanders, late of said county, deceased, bein' of sound mind an' [illegible] memory, has up'd an' kicked the bucket. I think there has got a paper that'll take him through. If he didn't have, I wouldn't go a step wi' him."

Captain McCarthy leaned back in his chair and looked at Mr. Sanders with great interest. The steadiness of his gaze was tempered by a pleasant smile, which lit his strong and handsome face.

"I intended to advise you not to carry out your original plan, but that is not necessary. I intended, also, to beg you by all means to harm not a hair of Mr. Lincoln's head; but that, too, is unnecessary. You will find that the President is a man after your own heart."

"Not every which-a-way, I reckon," remarked Mr. Sanders, making a wry face.

"Yes, in all ways except politics," replied McCarthy. "He is the only man of them all who sees his way clear, or who knows precisely what he wants to do. Outwardly, he is a plain, rough man with a kindly nature. If you get in any trouble, simply demand to be carried to Mr. Lincoln. I have more than one reason for giving you this advice. If Stanton's crowd get you, and are able to keep your case from Mr. Lincoln's ears, you will surely be hanged."

A few hours afterward Bethune and his companion had crossed the river to Jersey City, and were on their way to Washington. The first man they saw as they entered the train was Waldron Awtry. He was walking about the side of the coach talking to some one. He had a light military cape hung across his arm, and his tall figure and haughty bearing made him conspicuous in the multitude that swarmed about the station. Undoubtedly Mr. Awtry saw the [illegible]. He paused in his promenade and looked them in the face under pretense of transferring his cape from one arm to the other. But he made no sign of recognition, nor did they.

When the train was under way Mr. Awtry came back into the car. He spoke to one or two and then seated himself near Bethune and Mr. Sanders, who occupied seats facing each other. After a while a lady came in, whereupon Awtry promptly arose, hat in hand, and gave her his seat.

"May I sit by you, sir?" he asked of Mr. Sanders.

"Why, booby shore," replied that worthy; "but I'll have to tell you what the old 'oman told the feller in the stage-coach, 'You can scrouge as much as you please, but I don't want no hunchin'."

Awtry threw back his head and smiled broadly. Bethune was occupied in reading the Herald and seemed to be paying no attention to the newcomer. Finally he put it down and glanced at Awtry and caught his eye, but saw no sign of recognition there. Indeed, Awtry took the opportunity of the glance to borrow Bethune's copy of the Herald, which he read for some minutes with apparent interest. Presently he said to Mr. Sanders in a low tone:

"Do you see the small man in the farther end of the car—the man with the eye-glasses? Well, he took dinner with you yesterday."

"You don't say! Is that the chap? Why, how in the world do you know?" inquired Mr. Sanders.

"I was the big fellow with side-whiskers. He had a good deal of fun out of me yesterday and now I want to turn the joke on him. I'm going to move my seat in a moment and presently he'll be back here. If you catch his eye, speak to him and let him see that you know him. But don't expose him. Talk to him in a confidential way. You know what I mean; don't make an enemy of him. Another thing, when you get off the train in Washington, follow me. I have something to say to both of you."

All this time Mr. Awtry pretended to be reading the paper, and his voice was so low that Bethune, sitting four feet away, could only catch a few words. He was very curious, but Mr. Sanders had no opportunity to appease his curiosity, for as Awtry joined the group at the rear end of the car some were standing, while others were sitting on the arms of the seats—a small man detached himself from the group and walked down the aisle. He glanced casually at Mr. Sanders and would have passed on, but the man who was so well acquainted with the Webb family of Salem, Injianny, wouldn't permit it. He seized the detective by the hand and shook it.

"Whyn't you tell me you was comin' down?" he inquired. Then, as if making a sudden discovery, he lowered his voice, "Why, what's the matter? Why, sakes alive, man! what have you been doin' to yourself?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the other with some asperity. "You have the advantage of me. I have missed a good deal, no doubt, but I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

Mr. Sanders drew himself up and swelled out as if he were about to make some loud exclamation. Then he suddenly caught himself and subsided. "Oh, that's the game, is it? Well, whyn't you sorter gi' me a hint like yistiddy? No offense—none give an' none took. If you ever come to Salem, come right out to the farm."

Waldron Awtry had followed the detective down the aisle, passed him as he stood talking to Mr. Sanders, and now stood waiting for him out of earshot.

"Who's your friend?" Awtry asked nonchalantly, as his companion came up to him. "Oh, I see, it's the old duck we saw at the hotel yesterday. He knew me; did he know you?"

"He certainly did," replied the detective. "What's wrong with me? How did the old blunderbuss know me? Am I losing my grip?"

"Why, no; not the least in the world," said Awtry soothingly. "The old man is simply a shrewd countryman with horse sense. Did you ever try to deceive Mr. Lincoln with your disguises? Well, just try it, and you'll find you can't do it. You can fool Stanton, but Mr. Lincoln will see through you with one eye shut. Anyhow, I'm going to hang on to this old man for an hour or so after we get to Washington. I may be able to pick up some information."

When the train rolled into the station at the Capital, Waldron Awtry managed to be near Bethune and Mr. Sanders, and he insisted that they should go with him. They hesitated; they had not the least confidence in him, but he knew them. He could have them imprisoned by a word or a gesture; and once immured their lives would be in danger, for Bethune had made up his mind, in case of arrest, to destroy Mr. Lincoln's pass and take his chances with the man who was so cheerfully risking his life as the result of one of Bethune's madcap whims. They had small choice, therefore; in fact, none at all; and all the hesitation they betrayed manifested itself in Mr. Sanders' protest.

"We don't want to pester you, we don't want to be in the way. You jest show us a good place to eat an' sleep, an' we'll be mighty much obliged to you."

But no, Mr. Awtry would not have it so. He insisted, and they gave a ready if not a cheerful assent. He was stopping at a hotel, and he put himself to a little trouble to secure them a room next to the one occupied by himself. In short, he was fertile in all those little attentions which do not look important, but which add so much to the comfort of those who are the objects of them.

They had a late but a very good dinner. Mr. Awtry wanted to order wine, knowing the character and extent of Mr. Sanders' chief weakness, but they positively refused. Mr. Sanders, indeed, made no bones of explaining why he wouldn't touch the stuff.

"It's a little stronger'n water an' not quite as strong as a dram. But it flies to my tongue, an' no sooner does it do

that than I begin to make a speech about my fam'ly affairs good an' bad An' folks say that I'm every bit an' grain as proud of the black spots as I am of the white uns."

So, for the time being, Mr Sanders was a teetotaller, much to Mr Awtry's disgust, for that gentleman had fully made up his mind to get into the confidence of his former fellow townsman, and, if he could advance his own ends by doing so to turn them over to Mr Stanton as spies. But he saw at once that Mr. Sanders' unexpected fit of abstinence stood mightily in the way. Under the circumstances, he thought it would be best to go about the business in a straightforward manner It was just possible, he thought, that Bethune and Mr Sanders, being in the enemy's country, surrounded by all sorts of dangers, and beset by fears, real or imaginary,

Awtry laughed bitterly "Oh, I dare say," he replied They'd show their fondness for me if I went back now'

They would, they certainly would replied Mr Sanders solemnly

'I'd go back this minute if I could," said Awtry in a low tone

Why can't you?' asked Mr [illegible] Do you think that me an' Erick are goin' back there an' tell everything we've seen an' heard, you're mighty much mistaken We don't owe you no grudge an' as for me, I allers make allowances for men under forty

Now, let's talk about yourselves urged Awtry, raising his voice What under the sun has brought you two, of all men in the world, to Washington?'

"I'VE SEED COWS, MAYBE WI NO HORNS, BUT YOU NEVER SEED ONE MADE LIKE A RHINOCEROSES

would turn for advice to an old acquaintance—a man who had been born and raised in the same community

Mr Awtry had long been what is called a man of the world He had traveled abroad, he had seen life in all its various manifestations, and under social forms widely different, and he considered himself, not without reason, to be a pretty good judge of human nature. The trouble in this case was that he underrated the intellectual resources of Mr. Sanders He made the mistake that so many sensible men make, namely, that a person who is practically illiterate with respect to textbooks and to the kind of education furnished in the schools, must necessarily be deficient in all those qualities that are said to be the result of learning. Therefore, Mr. Awtry started out with a contempt for Bethune as a "cub," and for Mr Sanders as an ignoramus

Bethune was, indeed, young in years and in experience, but he was wise enough to submit to the initiative of an older head. And Mr. Sanders was ignorant of Greek and Latin, algebra, rhetoric and the like, but he was very familiar with the Bible, and his judgment of men (as well as horses and dogs) was all but infallible. He had known Waldron Awtry a long time, and knew that he had no fixed principles of any kind whatsoever. Consequently, Mr. Sanders was prepared for any move that might be made

The very first trial of wits between the old Georgia cracker and the man of the world should have been sufficient to convince Awtry that he had no ordinary man to deal with, but he never even suspected that the occurrence was other than an awkward accident

It happened in this way: When darkness had fallen, and the lights had been lit, the three sat for a while in Mr. Awtry's room, talking about the home folk. Suddenly the latter suggested that they adjourn to the next room, which had been assigned to Bethune and Mr. Sanders

Walls have ears, you know," remarked Awtry, "and we don't know who may be in the room adjoining.'

Mr Sanders noticed that there was no connecting door between Mr. Awtry's apartment and the one he desired to avoid, whereas there was a door between Awtry's room and the one he had secured for them, and the transom was wide open. There was nothing to do but to act on the suggestion that had been made, but as Awtry turned out his light, Mr Sanders laid his pocket-knife softly on the table. It was a big knife with a horn handle

Once in their own room, Bethune and Mr Sanders became the hosts, and Mr. Sanders became unusually talkative. He wanted to know particularly what Waldron Awtry was doing in this "neck of the woods," as he phrased it. How was he getting on?

"You know, Waldron, the folks at home will be mighty glad to hear news about you," Mr. Sanders declared

Well I'll tell you honestly an' candidly, Waldron,' replied Mr. Sanders, we are here on the most ticklish piece of business you ever heard of, an' the foolishest." Mr Sanders was sitting with his chair careened backward, his hands in his pockets Suddenly he arose to his feet with an exclamation "Be jigged if I can't see my knife! Now I wouldn't take a purty for that knife He searched in his pockets, frowning and grumbling Then his countenance cleared up I know where it is; I left it on the table in the next room

He was moving toward the door, but Waldron Awtry was quicker I'll get it for you," he said

Don't let's trouble you," insisted Mr Sanders I can put my hand right on it

He made as if to follow Awtry but as the latter hurried into the room, Mr Sanders made two strides to the door leading into the hall, opened it softly, and was just in time to see a well-dressed man slip from Awtry's apartment, close the door behind him, and take the attitude of a listener.

Hello exclaimed Mr. Sanders; "how long you been knockin' there?"

Some time' replied the man, trying to control his surprise

Well I thought I heard a knock remarked Mr Sanders, but when I git to talkin' my tongue runs like a steam mill Waldron! here's a gentleman He says he's been knockin' for the longest an' I shouldn't wonder

Awtry went to the door, and he and the newcomer greeted each other effusively It was 'When did you get here?' and 'You must be terribly busy not to hear a fellow hammering on the door,' and 'You'll have to excuse me I was looking for some old friends I haven't seen before in years

While this was going on Mr. Sanders was shaking with silent laughter, but he was the picture of childlike innocence when Waldron Awtry returned to his chair after dismissing his casual guest

You forgot my knife I reckon said Mr Sanders laughing but if I hadn't pestered you we'd never heard that knock Friend of yours' Well, why'n't you fetch him in? Any of your friends is more than welcome

You were about to tell me something of the business that brought you here,' suggested Mr Awtry

'Yes, I was, said Mr. Sanders, and with that he related, in a way more or less graphic, the circumstances that had caused Francis Bethune to resign his commission, and that finally brought him to Washington Mr Awtry asked to see the pass, and when he had examined it, he said it was as good as gold

But where is your piss?" he asked Mr. Sanders

My pass' replied Mr. Sanders, as he took the gold [illegible]

For the first time Mr. Awtry indulged in laughter, and it was so becoming to him that Mr Sanders remarked it and said, "You oughter laugh a heap more'n you do, Waldron It makes you look like you was a boy ag'in

'Now, about the letter or dispatch. Can you lay your hand on it?" said Awtry

Frances Bethune drew forth a package of letters and papers, and proceeded to search for the dispatch. Among the papers was half of a daguerreotype case which contained the picture of a lady. The tones of the picture had been somewhat subdued by time, but this added to the soft beauty of the face. It was the picture of Miss Puella Gillum. The gentle eyes had an appealing glance in them, and there was just the suspicion of a smile playing around the mouth The picture had slipped from the papers and lay under the light, face up

Mr. Awtry saw it. "Ah, your sweetheart?

Oh, no!" replied Bethune; "not my sweetheart, but the best friend I ever had in the world"

Mr. Awtry took the picture in his hand, looked at it, and drew a long breath

Puella Gillum!" he said softly

Yes," remarked Mr Sanders in his matter-of-fact way, she's still a-waitin' for you, Waldron.'

'For me?"

That's what we all think"

'Oh, no! no, you are mistaken. The man good enough for her has never been born. She's the only woman that could have made me different from what I am '

"Why didn't you let her try her hand?" Mr. Sanders inquired

'If ever a man tried to marry a woman, I tried to marry her," replied Awtry. There was a touch of boyish frankness in his voice

Well, you was a purty wild colt, an' I m afeard you ain't broke to harness yet."

All this time Mr. Awtry had never lifted his eyes from the picture. Finally he laid it down with a sigh. Mr. Sanders, regarding him closely, saw that all the insolence had died out of his eyes. Instead of the sneer that usually hovered around his mouth, there was a whimsical, half-petulant expression, as when a boy has a grievance of some kind

Bethune had found the dispatch, and now laid it before him

Awtry took the picture in one hand and the paper in the other and held them up side by side. Then he threw his head back and smiled brightly

Here is the angel," said he, holding the picture higher, and here is the serpent. If the angel could talk it would approve what I am now going to do." He struck a match, and held the dispatch in the flame. The paper burned with some difficulty, being thick and heavy, but Mr. Awtry persisted until the last vestige had been reduced to ashes

"If you had presented that dispatch to the man to whom it is addressed," he said to Bethune, "you would never have seen your home and friends again. You don't know what a devil Doyle is." He paused and looked at Mr. Sanders with a peculiar smile. "And I am worse—a hundred times worse. Doyle and I are trying to make a record in the secret service," Awtry continued, "and we seized on the opportunity offered by Mr. Lincoln's desire to get a dangerous woman off his hands. But for the President, the woman would be in the Old Capitol Prison at this moment, but he heard of her arrest and sent for her. He desired to send her South under the escort of an officer, but the woman declared that she wouldn't trust herself to the care of any enemy of her country. Mrs. Lincoln, who is a Southern woman, understood the situation from that standpoint and sympathized with the demand—yes, demand. You wouldn't think a woman who was in prison a few weeks ago with evidence enough against her to send her to the gallows, would be bold enough to make demands; but that is just what has happened."

"Well, there ain't no accountin' for the wimmen," remarked Mr. Sanders.

"Do you know who this woman is?" inquired Awtry, turning to Bethune

I have not the slightest idea," was the reply

Up here she calls herself Estelle Brandon, but at home she is known as Mrs Elise Clopton."

"My aunt?" cried Bethune, the blood rushing to his face

The same," said Awtry with a smile

"Well, if you'd 'a' gi' me three guesses I'd 'a' called her name," exclaimed Mr. Sanders. "It's 'most like knowin' folks's han'-writin'. I'll tell you what's the solemn truth, Waldron," Mr. Sanders went on gravely; "for a 'oman that's got a heap of sense, Leese Clopton is the biggest fool that ever trod shoe-leather. I don't reckon I oughter talk that away, but it's the naked truth. I've got a right to say it, too, bekaze I'd knock down an' drag out anybody else that said it outside the fam'ly. Fool as she is, I'm mighty fond of Leese."

Bethune made a grimace. "I don't like her much, but I'm glad I came. I hope her experience will take some of the silly romance out of her head."

"Shucks! you couldn't git it out'n her onless you changed her head. I'll bet you right now that she thinks she's done wonders," remarked Mr. Sanders

"That's true," said Mr. Awtry, laughing. "She thinks she is quite a heroine." All of a sudden his manner changed. "Come, we've been here too long. They're expecting me to carry you to headquarters, and some of the boys will come here pretty soon to see what's the matter. We have no time to waste. I'll take you to Mr. Lincoln at once After that you'll be safe."

He hustled around with a great display of energy and seemed to be really anxious and uneasy. Mr. Sanders, who had developed a copious supply of what he called "good, healthy suspicion," put several questions to Mr. Awtry The latter finally handed Mr. Sanders a loaded pistol

Take this," he said and if things don't go to suit you, put a ball through my head "

All right, Waldron. So be it I'll do as you say," Mr Sanders remarked in a tone of relief

Awtry ordered a carriage and in a very few minutes they were on their way to the White House. The hour was not late, and when they arrived there was considerable bustle about the doors. Congressmen were coming and going and big bugs," as Mr. Sanders expressed it, of various degrees of importance, were moving to and fro

There seemed to be some difficulty about seeing Mr Lincoln, but Awtry would not be denied. He was as pompous and as imperious in his demand to be shown into Mr Lincoln's office as any member of the Cabinet could have been. He sent a card in and followed the messenger to the very door. He had written on the card, " In regard to the Brandon case," and presently some one came out and conducted the three through a side door into the private room to which Mr. Lincoln retired when he was troubled or had a fit of melancholy that somehow went hand in hand with him until his unfortunate taking off. A fire was burning on the hearth, and the three callers sat in silence while waiting for Mr. Lincoln to make his appearance They waited a long time, as it seemed to Bethune and Mr Sanders, and then when the door opened, a tall man with tousled black hair came into the room. He was followed by a thick set quick-spoken person whose features were almost entirely concealed by a heavy beard and spectacles with wide glasses

But, Mr. President," said this person with a show of indignation, " you will ruin the discipline of the army if you go on reprieving deserters Why, this case is a most flagrant one

" Oh, yes; I know all about that. But he's a mere lad Why, he's not more than twenty-two. He got tired and hungry and homesick. Why, when his mother came in this morning and told me the facts, I didn't let her finish. I said, ' Hold on, madam; you've said enough. I know all about the case—I've been in your son's shoes a hundred times

But, Mr President——" interposed the other

' But, Mr. Secretary," interrupted the President, " you forget that every soldier in the Union Army is a free-born American citizen. We can't afford to hang American citizens because they get homesick and heart heavy. You remind me of a fellow I once heard of in Kentucky

But before the President could point the moral with a story, Mr. Secretary had whipped indignantly out of the room, slamming the door behind him with no show of respect whatever

The three visitors had arisen from their chairs when Mr Lincoln entered the room, and at least two of them regarded him with interest and curiosity as he came slouching toward them with a chuckle

These gentlemen, Mr. President, have come in regard to the Brandon case," said Mr. Awtry, introducing the two Georgians. " You forwarded a pass through me, you recall. Mr. Bethune accepted the commission and Mr. Sanders——

' Well, Mr President I jest come on my own hook, as the daddy said about the cow in the garden Mr Sanders interjected

" Take seats, all of you," remarked Mr Lincoln cordially. Then he turned to Mr Sanders " What about the little boy and the cow?

" Why, one Sunday a little boy was set to mind a gap in the gyarden fence A panel had blowed down in the night, an' it couldn't be mended on account of Sunday. So the little boy was set to mind it. When the folks got home from church the cow was in the gyarden, an' the little boy was settin' on the door steps sniffin'. His mammy says, ' Why, honey what in the world is the matter? The gyarden is ruined. How did the cow git in?' ' She run her horns under my jacket an flung me a somerset,' says the little boy. ' I see says his daddy, ' she got in on her own hook.' The daddy thought he had got off a good joke, but nobody seed the two p'ints, an this made him so mad that he went in the house an loaded his gun wi a piece of fat bacon, an' fired it right at the cow's hind quarters. She curled her tail an run off smokin They say you could smell fried meat in that neighborhood for the longest '

Mr. Lincoln laughed a long, hearty, contented laugh

Mr Awtry regarded Mr Sanders with a puzzled expression. " Did you say the joke had two points?" he asked

Why, certain an' shore," responded Mr. Sanders with alacrity. " You've seed cows, maybe, wi' no horns, but you never seed one made like a rhinosserous "

At this Mr. Lincoln laughed unrestrainedly Whatever reserve the shadow of care and trouble had cast over him when he entered the room had been driven entirely away and his visitors had a very close and intimate view of the real Lincoln, the man of the people. At last, when it seemed time for them to go, Mr Awtry remarked

' The reason I took the liberty of bringing these gentlemen here was that some of Mr Stanton's men were preparing to arrest them

You did exactly right," said Mr Lincoln emphatically I'm willing for Stanton to have his fingers in all the pies if he'll let me break the crust in places

Well, at the pace he's going, he'll soon have the whole thing in his own hands," remarked Mr. Awtry

" The whole thing, as you call it," replied Mr. Lincoln, leveling a searching glance at the young man, " couldn't be in better hands. I'm told every day that Mr Stanton has small respect for the President, and I reckon that's so; but the President is willing to rock along on a small allowance of respect when he's getting a steady supply of the kind of work Stanton is doing day and night '

That's so," remarked Mr. Sanders judicially Was Mr. Stanton the man that followed you in here '

Receiving an affirmative answer, Mr Sanders went on: " I allowed so from his walk an' talk, but the way you played wi' him put me in mind of the feller an' his trained dog."

How was that?" asked Mr. Lincoln, leaning back in his chair and twisting his long legs together in most curious fashion. Every trace of fatigue and worry had vanished

Well it was like this: A feller down our way had a houn' dog that he thought was the finest pup in all creation. He was good for foxes, good for minks, good for rabbits, good for coons, an specially good for 'possums. Natchully, the feller was constant a-braggin' on the dog. Well one day the feller had company at his house. The dog was lyin' in a corner of the fireplace, an presently the feller got to braggin on him. He said the dog was both trained an' domesticated. ' That dog,' he says to his company, ' will do anything in the world I tell him to do.' The company sorter doubted about it, an' the feller ups an' says, ' Rover, git up from there an' go out of here.' Rover, hearin' his name, hit the floor a lick or two wi' his tail, an' drapt off to sleep ag'in. The feller hollered a little louder, ' Rover, don't you hear? Git up from there an' go out of here ' Rover got up, looked at the feller like he thought he was crazy an sneaked under the bed. Well, the company laughed considerable But the feller stuck to his statements. Says he, ' There's a mighty good understandin' between me an' Rover. He knows when I'm playin' an' besides, he's a plum harrycane when it comes to runnin' coons up a tree '

Mr. Lincoln laughed and looked at Mr Sanders with a quizzical expression. Just then there came a rap on the door The President arose, made two long strides across the room and threw the door open

Mr. President, I heard something a while ago, and I think you should be told about it," said the newcomer excitedly

Well, what is it?"

Why, when Mr Stanton went out just now I heard him say you were a d——d fool

Did you hear him say it?" Mr. Lincoln asked

Yes, Mr President; I heard him with my own ears.'

" Well, if Stanton said that, I reckon there must be something in it. He usually knows what he's talking about. I thought you had some news for me

Good Heavens, Mr. President!" exclaimed the person at the door

Yes," said Mr. Lincoln solemnly, " good Heavens and good-night!

Bethune sat with clenched hands He could hardly believe what he had heard. He was dazed He drew a long breath arose from his chair and took a quick turn about the room

Mr. Lincoln observed the young man's excitement. He paused before he seated himself and turned to Bethune with a smile that did not drive away the expression of sadness which had returned to his face. " What would happen if one of Mr. Davis' advisers should make a similar statement?" he asked

Bethune replied, with gleaming eyes: " Mr. President, the man who heard the remark would knock the scoundrel down and afterward call him out "

I reckon that's so. Mr Davis has more close friends than I have," remarked Mr Lincoln with a sigh He seated himself and closed his eyes

' It ain't so much bein' friends ' said Mr Sanders somewhat cheerfully, though in his honest Georgia heart he deeply pitied the President, and understood why he was lonely and sometimes melancholy— it ain't so much bein' friends; it's because we're all on our high hosses down yan from daybreak till bed time

" Well, I wish——" Mr. Lincoln paused and looked in the fire

Mr. Sanders seized the remark and finished it. " You wish some un'd git on a high hoss for you? Well, sir, if at any time I'm aroun' an' any of your fellers begin for to give you too much lip, jest turn around to me an' say: ' Friend Sanders, what do you think of the state of the country an' the craps in general?' You say them words, Mr. President, an' if I don't make the feller say his pra'rs to you, you may call me a humbug. Down our way they say you're a Yankee, but if that's so, the woods is full of Yankees in Georgia, all born an' raised right there

Mr. Lincoln laughed with real enjoyment You're paying me the highest compliment I have had in many a day," he said. " But we can't sit here palavering all night He tapped a bell and a messenger appeared See if the ladies have gone to bed

Word soon came back that the ladies were taking a light refreshment and would the President join them?

I want you gentlemen to see what sort of a job you have undertaken," Mr. Lincoln remarked dryly. " I can manage a mule or a steer pretty well, but not a wilful woman

Amen!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders with unction

The President led the way followed by Bethune and Mr. Sanders, Mr Awtry saying he would wait for their return Before they reached the room where the ladies were, the laughter and chatter of Elise Clopton could be heard, in high glee

She was as truly herself here, practically a prisoner, as if she had been at once queen and housemaid. She had met Bethune's uncle by accident while he was passing through Washington on his way to Harvard. She, herself, was on her way to a young ladies' school in Baltimore. Neither one of them got any further. The result of half an hour's conversation while waiting for the train to leave was an elopement. In a year or two her husband was dead, but her bereavement had not sobered Elise. At thirty five she was still as beautiful and as lacking in judgment as when a miss of sixteen

TO BE CONCLUDED

HE WAS JUST IN TIME TO SEE A WELL DRESSED MAN SLIP FROM AWTRY'S APARTMENT, CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND TAKE THE ATTITUDE OF A LISTENER

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The Penalties of Peace

PEACE has its penalties as well as war and one of them is so rapid an increase of population that nations sometimes become too closely crowded for comfort. In the "good old times" they had a simple method of preventing such results, for when a country became populous enough to be prosperous, a stronger nation would descend upon it and kill all the women and children, as well as the men. Civil wars, too, and the battles of the clans, did much to prevent overcrowding; so did cholera, the plague and other pestilences.

But the more populous countries of Europe and Asia have been comparatively peaceful for so long that the estimated population of the world exceeds that of fifty years ago by about one-half. To the increase in India some English authorities attribute the frequency of famines, the land is so full of people that the soil cannot feed them except in the best seasons. Japan, too, is overcrowded, and expects to fight Russia in order to seize Korea, in which to colonize some of her surplus people. This may seem a pretense, for Korea already has more than a hundred people to the square mile, but Japan has three hundred, and they have no place in which to overflow except Formosa, which is not yet ready for occupation.

England wants the earth, not only for trade purposes and on general principles, but because within her home boundaries, an area barely equal to that of New York, are more than thirty million people, and the efflux to Canada, Australia and South Africa does not keep the home population from increasing. Germany, not so crowded as England, yet more closely peopled than our most prosperous States, is believed by our Government to desire Brazil and other South American countries so that her millions of emigrants may not cease to be her subjects. Italy is overfull of people, and has been trying to steal part of Abyssinia as a dumping ground for her superabundant humanity, and France is wishing that she could appropriate, somewhere, a bit of foreign territory that would prove attractive to her millions who are so desperate as to demand Socialism, by which they mean the privilege of sharing the property of their neighbors. Any of the countries named is far more densely populated than China, which has only about as many people to the square mile as Pennsylvania or New York.

While the older nations are struggling for elbow-room, the United States still have, exclusive of Alaska and our newer possessions, nearly half a million square miles of surveyed land — more than the combined area of England, France and Germany. These lands are open to entry and settlement; it is true that they are not within easy walking distance of large cities, but the worst of them would appear a paradise could they be placed in any part of any European country. We have also more than a quarter of a million square miles of unsurveyed lands, some of which deserve attention. Most of the agricultural portions of the States west of the Mississippi are still so thinly peopled that the farms cannot be worked to half their yielding capacity. Yet hundreds of thousands of Americans are complaining that our country is overcrowded, that the rich own all the land and the poor have no chance!

"There's none so blind as he who won't see."

—JOHN HABBERTON.

Nations, like men, always want to increase the size of their gardens whether they till them or not.

The Spice of Workaday Life

DOCTORS order a change of climate, scenery, associates and diet for many forms of human ailment. They also tell us that the eyes when tired may be rested by looking away from book, drawing or manuscript at some distant object. In the South it was an old-time saying among the negroes of the low-country plantations that a change "f'om de plow to de hoe meks de niggah crow." The secrets of nervous force are not yet half guessed out; but we know that weariness and rest are not exactly and wholly results of activity and quiet.

Perfect inactivity may bring on a tired state of mind and body not to be exceeded by the effect of most exhausting labor. On the other hand, hard work is often so exhilarating that it operates as an incomparable tonic. Overwork is much talked about, but it is probably seldom indulged in. It is not too much work, but the lack of variety, which may be charged with all the ills we bundle into a composite affliction and label "nervous prostration." It is not the pace but the rigid monotony of strain that kills.

Avoiding, however, the merely hygienic question, the discussion of which has for ages been a stale commonplace, how delightful is the aroma of a fresh task! Something new to do, an opportunity to jump over the fence, which has so long held us in, and browse in a place never before seen! Like the poet inspired with an original thought which imbues his whole nature and heats his imagination to the splendor of an arc light, the workman, who has plodded faithfully yet miserably in a rut of unchanging course and dimensions until his very soul is stiffened, feels the power of freshness when some pleasant turn of fortune or accident changes the nature and the surroundings of his labor. The backward vision of science sees men in the far past running on four feet, and it is said that there was no betterment of the human condition until after an upright attitude had developed hands, the use of which enabled man to vary his work and so break the treadmill monotony of animal life. And if we look steadily we shall see that the enormous difference between the efficiency of man, as an animal, and that of even the most powerful beast, is due to man's cleverness as a Jack of all trades.

Every naturalist must be impressed with a strange expression of longing and sadness in the countenance of an animal, no matter what its species. Even the song birds, to which poets persistently attribute unlimited joyousness, when looked at closely show that their inner lives are vaguely yet profoundly troubled. The eyes of a dog, a cat, a monkey, a horse, a fowl may dart a gleam of expectancy, eagerness, trustfulness; but of intelligent happiness never a flicker. It is because the rigid limitations of Nature have prevented the growth of a soul.

Man has sung and dreamed of an Arcadian life ever since he has sung and dreamed at all, and that life has been one of wandering freedom, constant and pleasing change, a springtime procession of flowery surprises and bursts of freshness. But there is no Arcadia now; life is and must always remain intensely practical. What can be done to make its practicality more bearable would seem to be something in the way of varying its strain and changing and freshening its tasks. Perhaps we are trying too hard to become specialists, mere masters of one detail of work, and so are shutting off the stimulus of many possible activities from our souls. A Jack of all trades may be master of none; but in versatility dwells a large secret of health and happiness.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

A man can do almost anything except marry at thirty the girl he loved at twenty.

The Reform of the Trolley Car

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, who lived in Boston before the literary centre was moved to Philadelphia, and in whose honor a monument should be erected by the sombre persons who compile books of quotation, once wrote: "There is a remedy for every wrong, and a satisfaction for every soul." This is a broad statement, and at first glance it seems beyond reason; but though the compensations in life may not always be equal, yet, in some form or other, they are bound to come. For the past dozen years since the trolley car came into existence it has been riding over people's limbs and feelings. The increase of nervous exhaustion and nervous prostration might possibly be attributed to the trolley era in American life. There is a heartlessness about the average trolley car which hurts. There is a lack of consideration that is distinctly unpleasant. With it our manners have grown worse. It has kept men in their seats hiding in shame behind open newspapers when every instinct of gallantry told them they ought to get up and cling to the strap while the lady sat down. Even worse has been its absolute unresponsiveness to responsibility. It has never willingly done restitution for any injury to life or limb.

For this very reason we hail with a special joy the action of the court whose strong arm took this monster of iniquity by the throat and compelled it to pay damages. The case was one of modest yet of far-reaching significance. A lady was — strange to say — occupying a seat in the car. Opposite her stood, or rather wobbled, a fat man. The car was going its merry way, and when it reached a curve it jumped forth with that glee which is so familiar. The consequence was that the fat man landed suddenly and somewhat heavily in the lap of the innocent passenger, greatly to the perturbation of her spirit and to other annoyances and injuries which were brought forth fully in the court proceedings. The jury promptly gave her a verdict of $2300. Of course, we should all feel better if it had been $23,000, but the precedent has been established, and the trolley companies must either give fat men seats or see that they are securely propped up.

By this good work of justice it may be that the trolley car will gradually be tamed and made to behave itself. A reform that is very necessary is that of the market basket. There must come a time when the unoffending passenger may get satisfaction for the kind of locomotion that places in his lap the week's marketing of a large and hungry family. Akin to this, of course, would be something that would take into account the industrious person who tries to carry home three satchels or a wheelbarrow-load of bundles in the busy hours of the day. These things are often more troublesome than fat people. It is especially so in Philadelphia, which is the headquarters of the street-car trust of the country. The passengers are so firmly wedged together — solidified, as it were, in one unhappy mass — that no one of them can fall down without setting the whole crowd; but in other cities it is said that there is sometimes room in trolley cars.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Men have no right to complain when they give up their seats in the street cars. If women could vote the public franchises might be better protected.

The Reaction Against Mr. Kipling

IN THE sunset of his life John Ruskin exercised but little influence over the artistic and literary life of England. The message of beauty that he delivered to the world in what has been called the most felicitous prose of the century, lost much of its significance in the light of the material advancement of the Anglo-Saxon races; the ideals that he cherished and fought for so valiantly were, to some extent, meaningless in an age of steam and machinery. With the growth of the modern and robust school of art and letters, Ruskin became more of a name than an actuality; and one by one his books were relegated to the top shelves.

Ruskin's death, however, has not only awakened a new interest in the man, but it has caused a curious alteration in the attitude of the English people toward the gospel that he preached. It would be going too far, of course, to claim that his death has been the cause of a renaissance of all the ideals for which the name of Ruskin once stood; yet it must be clear, even to the superficial observer of current events, that his passing has had a marked effect upon the tendencies of his countrymen as regards the æsthetics of life. Impelled at first more by curiosity than reverence, they found in his pages a grateful relief from much of the materialism that has soddened modern literature, a refreshing change from the music-hall ditties and the chauvinistic coster ballads that have had a mushroomlike existence since the guns belched forth the challenge of war at Belmont. Wearied of battles and rumors of battles, nauseated by the excessive use of garish colors in the letters of newspaper correspondents, there was quiet and beauty in Ruskin's prose. This revulsion of feeling has had a gradual growth, but it has been none the less sure; and to-day the newspapers, first of all to feel the change in the drift of public opinion, are printing something besides whole pages of war news, and editorials bristling with the criticisms and faultfindings of amateur strategists. Literature, art, and the ordinary affairs of life are receiving their share of space in the columns, and publishers no longer refuse a book because it happens to do with some subject other than war.

It was inevitable that there should be a reaction from the material and military feeling that swept over England in the kindergarten stage of the war; but one of the interesting and curious features of this swing from one extreme to the other is the attitude of certain magazines and newspapers toward Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is justly recognized as the poet laureate of militant England. These very papers, which only a few weeks ago were hysterical in their praise of The Absent Minded Beggar, and reprinted his Barrack-Room Ballads in scare-head type, now take him to task for his jingoistic tendencies.

Mr. Robert Buchanan started the ball rolling by his comparison of Kipling's verse with the voice of the Hooligan, and his prophecy of Kipling's extinguishment as a literary light; and now there is a small army of followers who nod wisely to each other, with an "I-told-you-so" expression in their eyes. "He has passed the perihelion of his popularity," says a critic; "he has posed as the mouthpiece of the British Empire; but in reality he has but voiced the sentiment of the minority. English patriotism is based upon a foundation firmer than the patriotism of those who give it expression in vulgar verse and boastful prose." Another writer comments upon the comparatively low prices brought by Kipling first editions at a recent sale, as significant of Kipling's waning influence.

This is the other extreme with a vengeance, but it cannot harm Mr. Kipling, as nothing can be more misleading than contemporary verdicts upon literary productions. One age rejects what another age cherishes, and one rescues from neglect that which the other condemns. Literature is a trade so old, so hackneyed, so to speak, that freshness and intensity of life in the midst of overproduction have a tendency to conjure away the faculty of judgment. There is nothing in common between Ruskin and Kipling; but is it not assuming overmuch for one at this time to decide which author has the better chance for immortality? Future generations may demand a fresher message, a voicing of ideals better adapted to the vexing problems of a coming age. But let us grant immortality to Ruskin, to escape argument. As to Kipling, it is enough to have been the entering wedge of a wider democracy of letters; to have dwelt among plain men and in contact with plain things; to have written for his contemporaries as no other man of his time; to have interpreted his age in the manliest prose of his period, and to have been one of the few strong links in the chain that connects the nineteenth with the twentieth century. —JOHN N. HILLIARD.

Americans *in* Paris

IT WAS in the Salles des Fêtes. They sang the Marseillaise; brass bands crashed, President Loubet and one of his Ministers made speeches; the music flared out again, and, officially at least, the Universal Exposition of 1900 was open to the world. Then the President of the Republic and his guests set out on foot to examine what they had opened. Under foot there was dust—a dust of plaster and sand and clay. M. Loubet, who walked ahead, looked like a pillar of cloud, and we followed him hopefully. Overhead the sky was cut with rafters and ladders; on either hand were huge strips of chaos, stood on end and labeled. One label read Palace of Agriculture. M. Loubet entered, turned on his heel and came back to us. We sang the Marseillaise! Inside and out that palace was naked as an eggshell. It was nothing but roof and walls and label. M. Loubet led, and always we followed, each of us (like cherubs) in his own cloud of dust. Palace after palace naked as eggshells. At the corner of the Palace of Electricity we pricked up our ears. At last there was something. Fifty guardsmen in blue uniforms and white helmets were drawn up under an American flag that took the air bravely. As the Presidential crowd passed they dipped the colors. President Loubet took off his hat. Then the cheers began, and went ricochetting through the naked halls.

This international courtesy, unexpected as it was, made the hit of the day. Commissioner Peck's guards are all young college fellows, but Captain Bowen, their commander, they will tell you proudly, is a real cowboy. They get fifty dollars a month and glory. The good Parisians take them for heroes of other battlefields than those of football, and salute them with notable respect.

Always the procession, white now with plaster, and mired with clay, passed. We looked like wandering millers, like lost Pierrots. The national pavilions along the Seine were empty as the hollow of your hand. In the Austrian pavilion, to be sure, there were a few flowers and a strip of carpet; in that of the United States nothing—absolutely nothing under the enormous dome save one small, red-headed guardsman, who waved the Stars and Stripes with one hand, while the other was glued, rigid and military, to his white helmet. He was the Kansas City representative of "Pecks Own," and we cheered him for Kansas City, and also because he was the only exhibit that there was to cheer.

Through white ravines and on across the splendid new Alexander bridge, back to the Champs Elysées after all we had seen? Merely the skeleton of an Exposition gruesomely decorated with flags and hectic with deceptive paint.

An Arab Solution of Parisian Problems

No; the Exposition was officially "open," but it was far from being ready. You might wander there all day if you would. You might go around in the great wheel or ride along the moving sidewalk. You might watch the workingmen swarming over the huge buildings, but somehow or other this palled a bit. The first public day over 150,000 visitors passed the gates. The second day scarcely 90,000 were tempted to enter. It is wisdom to wait, always. Not until well on toward the end of May was the Exposition complete, settled and in working order.

You are not to imagine, however, that all the world has waited. Half the people you meet in trams and 'buses, boats and cafés are saying, "Oh, yes," to each other. In spite of the war the English are coming in shoals. As for the Americans, it was estimated that on April 17 there were 40,000 in Paris. Not all of them are happy. The hotels are crowded, and prices are going up, up—the visitor of the modest purse would do well to bring a hammock and swing it up between two trees in the Tuileries. The idea is not original. I got it this afternoon from a party of Arabs. They disembarked from one of the penny steamers at the Place de la Concorde. There were twenty of them; men, women and children. They wandered about aimlessly for a while and then sat down on their heels near the fountain. They drew out from under their white cloaks provisions of all sorts. There was a consultation. Then the old chief gave a gruff order. The women and children jumped up and scattered—to gather wood for a fire. They were already tearing down branches from the lilacs and young chestnut trees when the police arrived and led them I know not where. But the children of the desert were quite right. They were in the way of solving the difficulty of living in Paris during the Expositional half-year.

The Spirit of Bunker Hill at Montmartre

Of course one pays for pleasures in two ways, with money and fatigue. I overheard four Americans trying to cast up their accounts. There were two fine young lads, a mild giant of a father, and a tired, but determined little woman. What she said was:

"Who said to stop sight-seeing? Who said it? Do you mean to say that I said it?"

There were respectful murmurs from the man and the boys.

"You may have come to Paris to sit on a bench and rest but I didn't," she added. "Don't you ever say I said to stop sight-seeing! I'd rather walk my feet off to the ankles than stop. Now come on!"

The tired little woman marched off like a grenadier and the man and the two lads followed limply. There were some Englishers near by, who laughed, but I remarked, "My friends that is the spirit of Bunker Hill—and Spion Kop"—and a very good spirit it is, too.

Admiral Schley as a Prophet of War

The invitation read:

"The President of the Republic and Madame Emile Loubet will receive at the Palace of the Elysée, Monday, April [illegible] o'clock."

And then the name. The palace was bright with flowers and lights; everywhere officers in uniform, women trailing interminable gowns; statesmen and potentates spangled with orders; then the President, a red scarf bisecting his white shirt-front, and Madame Loubet, a motherly, dignified woman like Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes in her White House days. Between two dances I had found my way to the supper room. There I saw Admiral Parrayon, hobbling a bit, for he had a touch of the gout that night.

"So Admiral Dewey is a candidate for the Presidency, he says." "Well, I wish him luck, but have you noticed that sailormen are not often called in to take the helm of state? The General who wins a war is very liable to be made Prime Minister, or President, or something with a higher title still; but, believe me, you may count on your fingers the sailormen who have had any more substantial reward than a monument."

"Do you know Dewey?"

"No," said Admiral Parrayon, "but Schley I remember very well—there was a man!" and the Admiral shifted his weight from his gouty foot and laughed, as one who would say, a man *par excellence*.

"You remember when Balmaceda, that curious half breed who might have been Napoleon, had set all South America by the ears?" he added; "well, it was then I first met Schley. I was in command of the French fleet in those waters. Almost every nation had a ship or two there, and Schley was in command of the American. The night before Balmaceda, driven to bay, killed himself, there was a dinner of the naval officers, half diplomatic and half social, it may be. Of course we all expressed ourselves on what was taking place, and, among others, Admiral Schley made a speech. I can't recall the words after all these years, but it was energetic and long, and the leit motif was war."

Admiral Parrayon paused for a moment and eased his gouty foot by lifting it on the rung of a red velvet chair; then he added:

"But I remember one phrase Schley used a number of times. 'Every nation,' said he, 'has a war once in forty years—without a blood-letting once in forty years there seems to be no national health.'

"I turned to Schley and said, 'We've had our blood-letting; it is the turn of your United States.'

"Schley said, 'We'll have that war, sir, before our forty years of peace have expired'—and he was right," Admiral Parrayon went on. "It was a wise prophecy, or perhaps I should say, a wise reading of history. Ever since your war with Spain I have had a double admiration for my old friend—he can prophesy and fight, too. England is having her first great war in forty years."

"Whose turn will it be next, Admiral?" I asked.

"Apply Schley's rule," he replied; and, indeed, the application is not difficult.

The Cost of a Day on the Midway

At the present moment you can buy all the admission tickets you want from the hawkers in the streets or in the tobacco shops, for eleven cents apiece. One of these tickets will admit you during the day; after six o'clock two are demanded. This, however, is merely a first cost. The charge for visiting the special attractions—the Eiffel Tower or the Aquarium, the Harem du Rachid or the Swiss village—ranges from twenty cents to one dollar. Inchoate and unfinished as things are just now, there are already seventeen of these side shows open. Were you to visit them all your outlay would be exactly $5.25. Even then it would hardly cover those "streets of Cairo" and outlandish "Midways" that radiate from the Trocadero. It is in this section, by the way, that the authorities have instituted a reform that may not be quite to the taste of those who amused themselves at the World's Fair in Chicago. The dances of the strange little women from Java and Egypt and Indo-China have been toned into respectability. That this reform should have started in Paris is noteworthy. They are not wicked themselves, these good Parisians—not more than the rest of us—and very wisely they have decided that it is not their business to provide wickedness for the rest of the world—whatever the world may expect of them.

WHEREVER YOU ARE

By Madeline S. Bridges

If only I could be with you, dear, with you wherever you are,
I would not care where our feet might fare, under what sun or star
So that my hand might reach your hand, and our step keep true and sure
By any sea, or through any land, while life for us both endure.

If only I could be with you—ah, the cloudiest sky were blue!
The roughest path that the wild waste hath would be smooth, if I walked with you—
I'd stoop to drink from the running brook, I'd feed from the berry-spray,
For my soul could live on your tender look whenever it turned my way.

If only I could be with you, dear, when day is done, and the night
Comes down out of heaven, so kind and near, to fold us away from sight,
Your pillow would be my faithful breast, and when we had knelt, in prayer,
Ah, what would matter, the place of rest, so that we both were there?

Dear, I would leave a throne for you, and my kingdom's door ajar,
To seek and find you, the broad earth through, and be—wherever you are,
While the swift days fly, and the slow years die, only no more to part!
Ah, small is the world, yet wide, wide, wide, its space between heart and heart!

The Valley of Regret

By Arthur Stringer

"I SAYS it's a thankless job," the woman calmly, as she leaned over her reeking tub. "'Is legs is withered, and there ain't no 'ope for 'im, ma'm. Tell the lady, 'Enery, as 'ow there ain't no 'ope for you!"

"Yes, kind lady, my legs is withered and the doctor says as there ain't 'ope nor 'elp for me." The boy repeated it monotonously, like a lesson well learned.

"How perfectly dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Harding Sturtevant tranquilly, gazing down at the boy out of soulful brown eyes. The moment at least, made Henry rather proud of his affliction. Sympathy was to him what gin had been to his forebears. But it was seldom the cup was held for him to drain.

E was took that way, ma'm, when we sailed from Birkenhead, nigh on seven years ago—'Enery and 'is paw and me. 'Is paw, ma'm, one of the 'andsomest men as ever you seen, though 'e *would* 'ave 'is drop."

He [illegible] his mother [illegible] with a [illegible]

"But 'e's been dead this two year, ma'm," continued the woman at the tub, raising her eyes heavenward. "Drunk 'isself to death, ma'm; and wot with little 'Enery 'ere, with 'is doctorin' and 'is milk and 'is med'sen, it's 'ard, ma'm, for one poor woman!"

The figure at the tub brushed her eyes demonstratively with her soapy arm. Mrs. Sturtevant calmly murmured that it must be hard.

"But I ain't complainin,' ma'm. There's them, now, as is rollin' in money and 'as their kerriges like yourself, ma'm, beggin' your parding, as ain't 'arf as 'appy as little 'Enery there. 'Appy! W'y 'e's as 'appy as the day is long. And it's all that dawg of 'is, ma'm. That dawg is 'is life and soul!"

"Oh, yes, the dog!" said Mrs. Sturtevant. A new interest glowed in her great brown eyes. "*Do* tell me about that dear little dog of yours, Henry!"

"He's the most wonderfullest dawg as ever you seen, ma'm. 'E do be more than 'uman, that dawg. Whenever 'Enery is took bad, all I does is to fetch in Rags. 'Enery, 'e usually as 'is bad spells at night. It's 'is spine, you know, ma'm, as is all gone with the rickets, though 'is legs is took bad, too, ma'm. 'Enery, show the lady your legs."

"Perfectly dreadful. That's enough, dear," said Mrs. Sturtevant hastily. "Cover them up now or you may take cold, dear; and tell me all about that beyewteeful dog."

"'Is name is Rags," said Henry dreamily; "Rags."

"And the doctor says, ma'm, as 'e is as 'igh bred a dawg as ever wagged 'is tail—bein,' of course, if you could say as Rags 'ad a tail. Just a week gone Monday the doctor looked at little 'Enery and shook 'is 'end and says, says 'e, 'My little man, if you 'ad one half as good breed as your dawg or that little body of yours we might build up them bones some day.' And s'elp me, ma'm, as that same night some one broke in and pinched all the pennies from the missus's missionary box. And I says to myself, says I, 'Rags, old man, you're worth your weight in gold, you are, and I'll see as you 'ave your bit and sup.' And I've kept my word, ma'm, though it's 'ard sometimes, what with 'Enery's doctorin' and 'is milk and 'is stunts for 'Enery by the hour, till 'e 'as the child a larfing through 'is greens!"

"Didn't you know, Henry, that I have a great many very beyewteeful dogs at home? Some of them, dear, that cost hundreds of dollars. But here I have come all the way down to have a little peep at Rags, and you won't let me see him!"

Mrs. Sturtevant's intonations of sorrow did not seem to soften the boy. "'E ain't much to see, ma'm," he said nervously, looking imploringly, but fruitlessly, at his mother.

"My Lucy [illegible] take your dawg. She 'as a 'ole 'ouseful of 'em at 'ome. She 'as dawgs as took prizes and things at the dawg shows, and some as is worth—now, about 'ow much would some of them be worth, ma'm?" asked the woman at the tub.

"Three thousand dollars," said Mrs. Sturtevant carelessly. "That's what little Lord Beresford cost me."

"Did you 'ear that, 'Enery? Three thousand dollars. And I says, Lucy [illegible] dawg-soap. For Rags ain't 'ad a honest wash, ma'm, since 'Enery started 'aving 'is last bad spells."

Mrs. Sturtevant opened her purse. Before the child on the bed knew what she was about, not being used to such things, she had slipped a bill into his hand.

He looked at it stupidly. Then he flushed up to the temples and held it out for the woman to take back. In some way he felt that it might compromise his claim on Rags.

The woman at the tub saw the movement and stopped her work.

"'Enery!" she cried shrilly, "'Enery! don't you sit there and insult the kind lady. 'Ere! 'Enery, you 'and that to me and I'll see as it's took care of right for you. There! It's only 'is way, ma'm. 'E ain't ungrateful, but 'e's that jealous of that dawg of 'is 'e ain't right in 'is 'ead sometimes."

This might not have been the absolute truth, but it served its purpose.

"Poor child," sighed Mrs. Sturtevant. She saw that it was only through the woman that she could gain her point. "He must be a great trial to you, Mrs. Hill."

"'E is, ma'm," said Mrs. Hill, showing signs of tears. She made no effort to hide the confession from the boy. He turned his thin face to the wall.

"And won't *you* let me see this wonderful little pet of Henry's, Mrs. Hill?" There was something like impatient command in the smiling suavity of the visitor. She was not used to being denied requests.

"It's [illegible] ma'm. You see I 'as to keep 'im shut up under the stairs most of the time, 'e's that destructive when 'e's with 'Enery. And 'Enery 'aven't less than never seems to see. As soon as Rags walks [illegible] is on that bed and a-chewin' of the clothes like mad, 'e's that crazy with joy when 'Enery speaks to 'im. Yes, and 'Enery just sits there and lets 'im chew up a 'ole coverlet without so much as sayin' a word. 'E is that 'appy to see 'im. That's why I 'ave to keep 'im outside. One minute, ma'm, and I'll 'ave 'im 'ere."

The boy gave his mother one last imploring look. It was too late, for she had already [illegible] She went to the door and feeling intuitively the boy's eyes were on her, turned and faced the bed.

"Now, I don't want no nonsense, Marster 'Enery, you understand," she said in a hard voice, feeling uneasy in her own soul. "This kind lady a.n't a goin' to 'urt your dawg, and maybe as she'll do the 'andsome thing by 'im when she sees those tricks of 'is."

The woman passed out into the dark little hallway and a moment later [illegible] heard a number of short sharp barks and a great deal of scratching and whining and jumping at a farther door.

Then Rags appeared. He did so by shooting in like a white and black cannon-ball. In two bounds he was on the bed beside his master. There he fell to licking the boy's hands, then he licked his cheek, then he snuggled and nuzzled under his nightgown and held his impertinent little nose up in the [illegible] face and shrieked his shrill delight. [illegible] all the time his tail-stump waggled wildly like a trip hammer gone mad. And the boy stroked the terrier's nose and tickled his ribs and rubbed his ears and commenced to talk to him. Whereupon, of course, Rags began to chew the bedclothes and had to be soundly cuffed by Mrs. Hill.

Mrs. Sturtevant gazed at that dog, and she saw that what had been sung of him had all been truth. Never, indeed, had her trained eyes looked upon a finer fox-terrier.

He had the straight back and the hard smooth, abundant coat that bespoke his breeding, plain as print. She noticed that he was flat skulled and that there was just the proper drop in the profile between the forehead and the upper jaw. He had, too, just the right deep-set, small, dark-rimmed eyes and black nose and long sloping shoulders on his tense little body to show at once what blood was in him.

Mrs. Sturtevant noticed also that Rags was white all over, save for one clear-cut spot of black that reached almost to his stump tail. He seemed nothing but muscle and hide, and so light and quick of movement that he could dance on egg-shells.

So it was no wonder Mrs. Sturtevant drew in her breath, and looked with all her eyes whilst Rags quivering with excitement was doing his best to swallow Henry's pillow.

And Henry's mother too saw that which gave her an uneasy feeling. Her visitor had spoken no word, but Mrs. Hill knew what she knew.

The visitor herself had quite forgotten her surroundings, as Mrs. Hill could see by the [illegible] expression about her mouth, though Mrs. Hill scarcely knew that the lady was talking to herself at that very moment, that Rags was going to win the next Kennel Club [illegible]. She was also thinking that Mrs. Sanderson-Cooper might scour the Continent for all the terriers she could carry across the Atlantic, yet still Mrs. Harding Sturtevant would carry off the next prize for the terrier class. Every paper in the land would proclaim her the triumphant owner,

First the child showed how Rags could read the paper and amuse a pet

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and her pictures would be in the Sunday supplements. Then her cup would be full.

Mrs. Harding Sturtevant was never half hearted about a thing. Neck or nothing was her unwritten principle. When she went into an enterprise she went in to win. For five long years Mrs. Sanderson-Cooper had flaunted that Kennel Club blue ribbon in her face and harried her into spending more money on imported terriers than she ever dared tell her husband. They had never won, of course, but now she would show them! In fact, she even decided just how she should sit when being photographed with the prize-winner on her lap. The sporting papers, she knew, would put the old, old jest about Beauty and the Beast under the picture, at which, of course, she must pretend to be indignant. She smiled gently.

Then her eyes fell on Rags again, and from Rags on to Henry. The sight of the boy, something in the way in which he sat in his bed and gazed at his dog and talked to it as though it were human, pulled her up short.

"You must break your eggs before you can make your omelette" was the thought that was running through her head, when Mrs. Hill pretended to look up suddenly from her washing and, womanlike, ventured subtly but carelessly:

"Show the lady, 'Enery, as 'ow Rags can do 'is tricks."

So the little terrier was put through his tricks. First the child showed how Rags could read the paper and smoke a pipe. Then Rags was made to waltz, and put out lighted matches with his forepaws, and sing rag time, and turn somersaults, and act drunk, and play dead, until Mrs. Hill herself left her tub and came and stood with her steaming arms akimbo, and explained how the boy had spent months and months "a-training the little critter."

Poor child! He did not dream that each new trick sealed the more inexorably the fate of his Rags, how each new exhibition placed one more stone on the wall that would separate them.

When Mrs. Sturtevant finally drew up her skirts and took her departure, she called Mrs. Hill out into the hallway after her, where a low toned conversation took place. Just what Mrs. Sturtevant said there is no concern of ours, beyond the fact that she rustled out to her carriage indignant and disappointed. Mrs. Hill stood in the doorway tearfully but triumphantly protesting "as she darn't do it; not for five 'undred dollars!"

Before the boy's mother locked Rags up that evening she looked at Henry and then at the dog and then at Henry once more. Then she sighed heavily. In fact, she sighed several times, and, hanging out her washing some hours later, she said to herself "as 'ow it was a 'ard world."

But Mrs. Sturtevant could afford to wait. If not by her own strength then by her enemy's weakness she would win. And she knew her enemy was pitiably weak.

In less than a week she called again on little Henry, bringing with her a jar of wine jelly, a box of honey and a great armful of Jacque roses. Solicitude shone from her limpid brown eyes as she stepped into the close and odorous little room.

That day Henry's gods had forsaken him, for he was fast asleep when the visit took place, and Mrs. Sturtevant wouldn't have him wakened—not for the world. A long talk ensued between the two women. Before that visit was over Mrs. Hill was given a roll of something which she took great pains to secrete about her person, and Rags was placed in a covered market basket, the lid was tied down and it was carried out and stowed away in the carriage.

It was to be for just four days, not an hour longer. And little Henry would be so proud and was to get the prize-money and the blue ribbon at the end of the exhibition, when Rags was to be brought triumphantly back with a beautiful silver collar around his neck.

The next day the child was restless and asked for Rags. Instead of the dog his mother gave him the jar of jelly and the honey. Being inordinately hungry, Henry devoured them both and [illegible] asked for Rags once more. Then his mother brought him out the roses.

The child looked at them and started up in bed.

"*She's* bin 'ere!" he cried suddenly, pointing a lean, challenging finger at his mother.

"'Oo?" said the woman sullenly.

"'Er, '*er*, you know 'oo! Rags! I want my Rags!" now almost screamed the boy, thoroughly aroused.

His mother tried desperately to quiet him.

"Rags!" shrieked the child. "I want 'im! Rags! Let 'im come, I say. I *shall* 'ave 'im!"

His mother then lied to him—tried to lie to him, at least—but broke down under the weight of her own guilt and through her maudlin tears told him everything.

The boy fell gasping back on his pillow, and shook the little bed with his sobs. Mrs. Hill knew the only thing to do was to send for Dinney Crockett. Dinney would come and do stunts for him and then he might forget. It was only three days!

Four days later Mrs. Sturtevant's carriage drew up in front of Mrs. Hill's door. Mrs. Sturtevant was clasping and unclasping her hands nervously and her lips were dry.

She winced, in the doorway, under Mrs. Hill's questioning gaze.

"Oh, Mrs. Hill, it's so dreadful! I hardly know how to begin!"

"Rags?" asked the woman coldly, looking toward the carriage. "Where's Rags?"

His mother then lied to him—tried to lie to him, at least

"Yes, poor Rags," said Mrs. Sturtevant, touching a bit of lace to her eyes. There were real tears in them, for she was a clever woman. "He's—he's dead! I did everything for him, everything that could be done but he—he died."

A short, sharp scream rang through the little house. It was the child. He had heard.

The two women seemed drawn, step by step, into the room where he lay.

They did not hesitate, yet when they stood in the room they cowered together. The boy was sitting up in his bed, his two eyes glowing like coals of fire. His commanding, lean finger was pointing straight at the heart of his mother.

"My—my dawg?" he asked shrilly, terribly. Mrs. Hill's knees were shaking and she looked hopelessly at the other woman. The other woman tried to draw herself up proudly, half-challengingly, and then looked at the pointing figure on the bed and dropped her eyes again.

She felt that this child stood above her, that he held his heel on her neck and in some way had the power of passing judgment on her. She did not think of the bit of lace.

"He's—he's dead—dear," she murmured. She meant to have said it coldly, decisively, even icily. But the words seemed to choke her.

"'E's dead!" repeated the boy, "dead!" His voice rang through the room. "'E's not! You lie. I say you lie; *you lie*. You know in your 'eart you lie!"

He raised his feeble body and held himself up by the bedpost. The flood of blasphemy he flung out at her had come down to him from his father. At any time and in any place that sudden volley would have been horrible in its depravity; on his white, little childish lips it was doubly, incomparably horrible.

The woman shrank back and put her [illegible] as though to ward off a blow. With a gasp of fear she turned and fled from the room. But from the voice she could not flee. It followed her into her carriage, and up the avenue, and through the park, and into her own quiet home, where it rang louder than before, and night after night was heard echoing in all her dreams.

"If Dinney would only come!" whined the boy's mother weakly, pacing between the tub and the window and looking despairingly at the figure on the bed, that lay back clutching spasmodically at the ragged quilt, and gazed with blank, dull eyes up at the cracked ceiling. "If Dinney would only [illegible]!"

It was two nights before Dinney came. Mrs. Hill was sitting with her arms locked together, swaying her gaunt body to and fro and moaning quietly to herself. Never had she known Henry to be taken so bad. The lamp burned low, but it showed a bunch of faded Jacque roses standing on a little table beside the bed.

There came a tap at the window. A moment later an indistinct figure showed itself outside and the woman went to the window and raised the sash.

A gaunt, wistful, roguish, whimsical, laughing face was thrust through the opening. It was Dinney Crockett.

Under his coat was a sniggering, trembling, whining something that made it all he could do to climb in through the window without letting it get away.

"Ain't I bin up agin it, though!" half whispered and half gurgled Dinney, glancing at the bed and winking eloquently up at the woman. "T'ree hours hidin' in de coalhouse, an' seven whole hours under de main guy's bed, den stealin' de guy's kids an' gettin' blame near pinched by a cop as I slid down de fire escape! But, any! Missus Hill, did I git 'im? Did I? Well, I guess!"

Dinney could contain himself no longer. He opened his coat, and out shot Rags.

"Won't he t'row a fit, though!" said Dinney rapturously, beaming toward the bed.

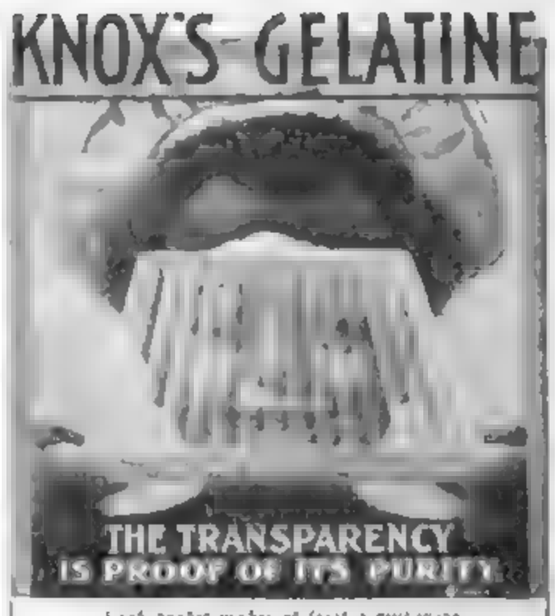
The woman turned to where the dog's nose was nuzzling down among the folds of Henry's ragged little nightgown, for the boy had covered his head with the quilt. From under the clothes came a dry sob or two, and then a deal of whimpering and barking. Just what was taking place under those same bedclothes Mrs. Hill could not altogether see. But she could guess that Rags was all but going mad with joy.

"Don't stop 'im, Dinney. Let 'im eat 'em!" said the boy's mother with a tear or two on her shrunken cheeks, as Rags, in his delight, fell to his old trick of chewing the pillow. As Mrs. Hill often afterward recounted, with a touch of awe, it was the first time in the history of Henry's dog that she hadn't the heart to cuff him for a-chewing up good bedclothes.

"I think," said the doctor that night, as he closed his medicine case with a meditative snap, "I think we've been making a mistake with this patient of ours. Dinney, you young rascal, take that"—slipping something into Dinney's hand—"and get back here with a pint of the fattest oysters you can find this side of Bowling Green."

The doctor pulled on his gloves leisurely. It was the fag end of a wearing day, but for some reason or other he felt wondrously light hearted once more. He looked at the boy propped up in the little bed and the dog coiling against his breast, and he went out singing.

"Oh, I say, Mrs. Hill," he cried cheerily, putting his head in at the door again, "if that patient of yours doesn't sleep well, just give him a good big dose of Rags!"



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IF IT be true, as some one says, that seldom is faction's ire in haughty minds extinguished but by death," then, in my humble opinion, almost every man who has risen to any prominence in either branch of our service will have to die before the factional strife here in Washington will be extinguished. It seems to me that to mention the name of any distinguished officer is enough to "let slip the dogs of war" and to set every tongue a wagging.

I read somewhere the other day that an English writer had paid a high tribute to a certain great and wise statesman by saying that "he could hold his tongue in ten different languages," and I was immediately consumed with jealousy over the performance when I reflected that we seemed not to have a single hero who could hold his tongue even in one language. What with denials, explanations and reprimands, we have had a lively time of it at the Capital City of late. There is a tremendous army and navy contingent living here ever ready to do battle upon any provocation whatsoever, and, as the provocations are many and varied and the tongues of the two branches of the service are hung in the middle, the wagging is pretty considerable. I cannot help recalling that the five words which Zacharias spoke cost him forty weeks of silence, and to my mind another coming of Gabriel dealing out a like infliction would be a wholesome thing.

I was talking with Robert and Senator P—— about the extraordinary loquacity of our officers.

"I cannot understand," grumbled I, "why they are all possessed of so much tongue. I wonder they don't know that the tongue is just as true an indication of the state of the mind as of the state of the body. Discretion ought to be taught at the military academies, along with tactics."

"Oh, well, Agatha," said Robert, ever ready to take up the cudgels for his sex, "none of the big men of the two branches of the service have done any talking, and for the others, why it is very much the case of John Brown, of Huddington, and his students. He said to them, 'If you haven't grace, the Lord can give it to you. If you haven't learning I'll help you to get it. But if you haven't common sense, neither I nor the Lord can give it to you.'" Then Robert added:

"Truth is, a man scarcely dares to utter a word nowadays even in private, for there is always a newsmonger ready to rush it into print, and no letter, no matter how personal it may be, seems to be sacred to him who receives it. Why, only yesterday I met General Greely on his way to the War Department to meet the accusations brought against him concerning his speech in Worcester. Anybody who knows Greely knows that he is not a talking man. He is the most reticent, the most taciturn man going."

"That is very true," joined in the Senator. "I've known Greely well and known him for years, and he is singularly uncommunicative. It is a curious fact that never, since he returned from that terrible Polar Expedition, has he been willing to mention it in any way, nor will he permit anybody to mention it to him. In the Cosmos Club, of which he is a member, it is well understood, and the topic is never brought up. I remember, however, once that, when some of us were gathered around the pool-table, a man suddenly entered the club and, clapping the General on the back, said:

"'Well, how's my friend, General North Pole Greely?'

"There was a deadly hush for a moment all over the room, and the strange pallor which always has covered Greely's face ever since those terrible Arctic years of his seemed to deepen if possible, but he did not reply nor appear even to hear the jocose allusion, but picked up a cue and began to knock the balls about."

Robert struck in here and said:

"By the way, Senator, you did the handsome thing by Miles in the Senate. You've given him the extra star. I hope we will do as well by him when the bill comes to us."

"Yes," replied the Senator, "we were all pretty much of one mind about Miles. He has borne himself with rare ability and discretion, and has shown on several trying occasions that he possesses what is often conspicuous in men by its absence, and what your friend Brown, of Haddington, whom you have just quoted, calls 'common sense.' Miles has never been one to 'slop over.' The United States is the only first class Power which does not have a full General at the head of its Army, and the days of our provincialism are past. As to the rest of the bill, there are some glaring reforms needed in our army which are provided for. One fact was developed in our war with Spain, and that was that there was very little cohesion between the line and staff, not enough working harmony between them for successful operations. The staff bureaus were almost entirely independent and with a most marked division of responsibility. The ostensible commander had practically no authority. This closer organization which the bill provides ought to do away with such misfortunes in camp and on the field as were ours in our last war."

"Still," asked Robert, "has it not always been the fate of every Commander in Chief of our Army in times of peace to be set aside and to be regarded as a figurehead?"

"Oh, yes. It is a grievance as old as the hills. When Sherman was General of the Army he became so incensed because Grant would send every army order from the White House to the Secretary of War that he pulled up stakes and moved his headquarters to St. Louis. But that little plan did not work, for it proved to be another case of the King of France who marched his men up a hill and then marched them down again. The War Department informed the General of the Army that the law of the land fixes the headquarters of the army at the Nation's Capital. So Sherman came back and submitted, and a smile went around the War Department."

"Please tell me," said I, "what it was that caused the Senate to smile so broadly the other day when there was an allusion during the debate on this bill to Senator Proctor and 'progressive transgression'? I saw Senator Proctor shake his head and smile. What was it?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Slocum, Proctor has always been the champion of the army. He was the first Secretary of War under Harrison's Administration and he is an authority on military matters, and if anybody knows the inner ropes it is Proctor. A year or so ago, when the Army bill was before the Senate, the Senator from Vermont was asked to explain the manner in which staff appointments are made in the army, and he was very frank and very funny in a dry way. He said in his quiet though resonant voice:

"'The man who has the strongest pull gets the place. Suppose, for instance, there is a vacancy of a captaincy in the Quartermaster's Department. There are about 600 first lieutenants. Perhaps 300 of these will be applicants for this place, the other 300 will be just as well fitted for the place, but because they have no influential friends to back them or because, I am glad to say, they have a nice sense of propriety, they will not seek preferment or allow others to seek it for them, resting their claims entirely, and with rare exceptions, vainly, upon their records. The applicants file briefs of their records along with letters from officers and political friends, and then the wives and sisters come to the front and take a hand and importune the President or the Secretary of War in person. But bless me! precious little consideration is given to these applications. Senator A—— or Representative B—— has a relative or a constituent with powerful influence behind him, and they demand, simply demand, the appointment—and get it! The appointee has had a promotion, not upon merit, but by influence, and has jumped many of his fellows as good or better than he.'

"Mr. Hawley interrupted just here to ask, slyly, if all Secretaries were alike? Proctor replied drolly:

"'Human nature is pretty much the same and transgression is progressive. Most Secretaries, when they catch on to these points fall in to the same rut, but I was glad to know that the first Secretary in Harrison's Administration was a little careful for a time, but it was from a want of understanding, not from any great amount of virtue.'

"This candid statement on the part of Proctor caused a great laugh in the Senate, in which he joined. Everybody knew who Harrison's first War Secretary had been, and knew, too, what a square man he was. And so, Mrs. Slocum, that was why there was a sly allusion poked at Proctor the other day when he was pushing this Army bill, and why 'progressive transgression' was quoted."

"Well," said I, "I hope this Reorganization bill will not molest the only woman who holds a commission in the army, for I am quite interested in her."

"Oh, no! it won't touch her," said Robert quickly.

"It seemed queer," said I, "to see among the army orders the other day this one:

> "'By order of the Secretary of War, Assistant Surgeon Anita McGee, U. S. A., will proceed from this city to Fort Monroe, on official business pertaining to the Medical Department of the Army, and, on completion of this duty, will return to her proper station.'

"Page told me lately that when Doctor McGee had first been graduated as surgeon and physician she looked a mere slip of a girl, and her young friends were inclined to poke fun at her medical aspirations, until one day at a luncheon party at which were gathered some ten or twelve young women, among whom was Anita McGee, something happened to change the opinion of this light-hearted crowd. The luncheon had progressed through half the number of courses, when some sudden excitement from the street penetrated to the dining room where the party was gathered. Instantly the young women rushed to the windows to see what had happened. It was evident that an accident had occurred, for a helpless man lay on the pavement with an impotent crowd standing about not knowing what to do. There was a cry for a doctor and for the emergency ambulance. One young girl said half derisively:

"'Here's your chance, Anita. They're calling for a doctor.'

There was a moment of wavering uncertainty on the part of the untried young surgeon, then quickly the pretty ornaments, the pretty hat, the dainty gloves were all laid aside and Doctor McGee stepped out to the pavement and in an authoritative manner took command of the situation. She ordered the man to be carried into the house where she assumed charge of the case and worked so deftly and so skillfully that by the time the police and the emergency ambulance had arrived the patient had been properly bandaged, a cut had been neatly sewed up and the case was turned over to the hospital with little more to be done. Page says from that day to this there has been no question of Doctor McGee's ability. All of which goes to prove that 'beard never was the true standard of brains,'" said I, triumphantly.

Robert began to laugh at this concluding remark of mine and went on:

"You would do well not to let our venerable cousin hear such heresy, Agatha, for she was much scandalized when she heard that there was actually a woman doctor on the pay-roll of the War Department who held

Champ Clark would not be the likliest man for the Speakership

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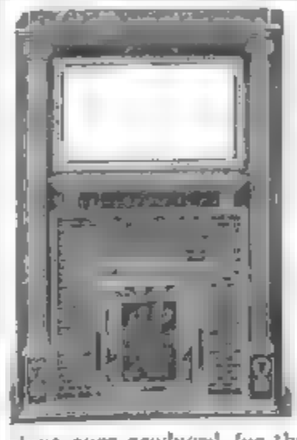

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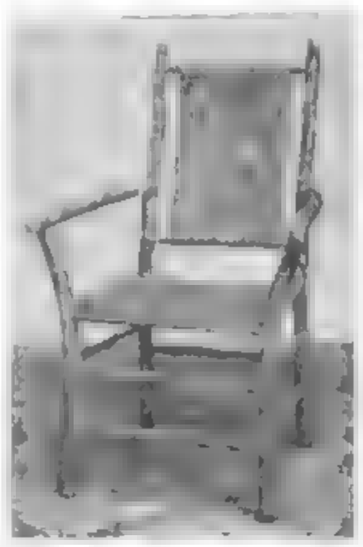

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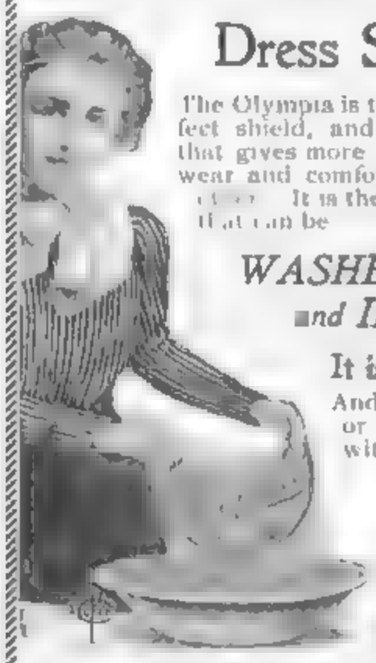

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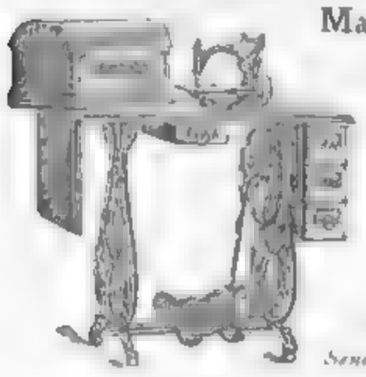

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the rank of Major, and who went every day of her life to the War Department instead of staying at home and cooking the dinner or washing the children's faces. Cousin Melinda is one who believes that man and woman were 'for contemplation he, and valor formed; for softness she, and sweet attractive grace.' In fact she is just about as progressive as the Boer women are represented to be."

The two men laughed and the Senator went on to say:

"Your mention of the Boer women is a reminder of our Boer resolution that Teller offered in the Senate. We got off better on our side of the Capitol with it than you did with a like resolution from Sulzer over in the House, Slocum."

"Yes, but you see," said Robert, "Sulzer always plays to the galleries and the applause he received for his pro-Boer resolution from that source only spurred him on until the Speaker had to squelch him. By the way, Senator, what an ugly light has been thrown upon that famous Spion Kop dispatch business over in England!"

"Yes, but Lansdowne's explanation puts him in a somewhat better light, and as for Buller, his sturdy honesty ought to do much to efface his unfortunate lack of judgment. His reply to the suggestion to smooth down that dispatch reminds me of the story of Cromwell when a famous painter undertook to reproduce him on canvas. Oliver Cromwell was probably one of the ugliest men who ever lived, and the painter had the very laudable desire to soften his face as much as possible and to that end omitted altogether a very prominent wart which adorned his cheek. As soon as Cromwell found out that his countenance was being softened, and, above all, that the wart was omitted, he touched his cheek significantly and commanded sternly:

"'Paint me as I am, sir.'

"And so Cromwell was painted just as he was, wart and all, and was handed down to posterity thus. So Buller stood as he was, lack of judgment, disaster and all. There was something fine in it," wound up the Senator.

"Well," laughed Robert, reverting to his own affairs with grim humor, "I only hope that I have succeeded in painting myself in all my pristine honesty, just as I am, to my Legislature."

"Why, I hope you have not heard anything that makes you fear the success of your candidacy for the Senate, Slocum?" quickly asked the Senator.

"Oh, no, I'm in touch with Spruce City every day and things are looking my way just now. There is a strong probability of my rival candidate withdrawing, as Chilton did in Jo Bailey's case; but there's a good bit of dissatisfaction among Republicans in my State, and there's no certainty which way the legislative cat will jump. For Mrs. Slocum's sake I hope it will jump my way, for you know, Senator——"

And Robert paused a moment and looked at me, then continued wickedly, while I resigned myself to what was coming:

"My whole reason for wishing to go to the Senate is upon Mrs. Slocum's account. You see that with Senatorial credentials in her pocket and with relations firmly established with the Diplomatic Corps through the membership of, and guardianship over, the young Marquise de Courcelles-to-be, there is no knowing to what dizzy heights of glory we may scale next winter, and you know that true glory takes root, spreads and shines effulgently, and this alone spurs me on to renewed effort for the Senate."

"Yes, I see," smiled the Senator.

"Well, at least," said I dryly, "there have been no bad politics to imperil my campaign here in Washington, which is more than can be said of some politicians."

Robert shrugged his shoulders at this thrust at him. I continued:

"Why, I hear that the politics of the Republicans have been so 'trashy,' as my old black laundress would put it, that the House is already conceded to be sure for the Democracy in the Fifty-seventh Congress, and that the fight is already on among the Democrats for the Speakership; that it is only a question of 'out scheming' between two men whether it will be the Honorable Champ Clark from Pike County or the Honorable James Richardson, whom you politicians call 'Slick Jim.'"

This had the desired effect. Neither man had any desire to poke any further fun at me. Robert was roused at once:

"Where did you hear any such stuff as that, Agatha?" he demanded testily; then he went on emphatically:

"The House Democratic in the Fifty-seventh Congress—pooh! And Champ Clark or Jim Richardson for Speaker—pooh, again! Why, it is as clear a case of one 'helping to be thatched with another to keep the rain from coming through' as I ever heard of."

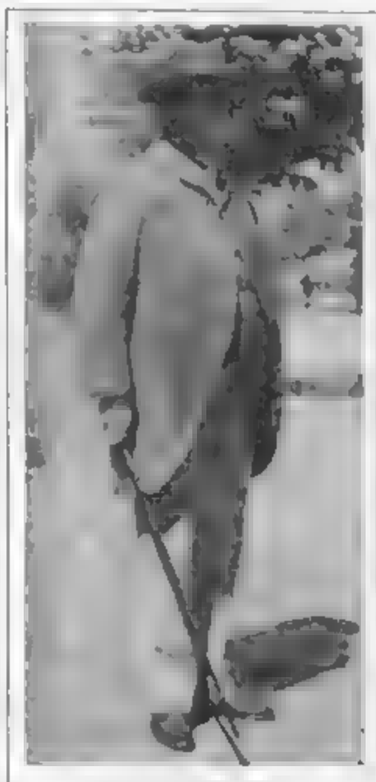
"Well," I said, continuing my theme placidly, "you Republicans ought to know just how much reason there is for such talk. You have had it all your own way for three years. But I tell you that I know the candidacy of these men is being canvassed genuinely in the Democratic cloak room of the House, and they must have some serious grounds for belief that they will carry the House in November."

"Well, any way," said Senator P——, "Champ Clark would not be the likeliest man for Speaker, for it is a rule that the leader of the minority shall be in line for the chief honor of the House when his party shall succeed to power. This would place it with Richardson who is minority leader, but Richardson is under fire just now and that might leave the mantle to fall on De Armond, of Missouri, and——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Robert, too impatient at the improbability of such things happening to hear the Senator out:

"There is just as little likelihood of our not holding the House next November as there is that Page Mason will not marry that foreign trap next week as she is scheduled to do."

"Well," said I, "I am pretty sure, as you say, that Page will marry Alain de Courcelles next week, but I am by no means so sure of the Republican House next November. I suppose, however, Robert, that you are whistling to keep up your courage, as a schoolboy does in going through a dark wood."



Mr. Hawley interrupted

Doctor McGee stepped out on the pavement

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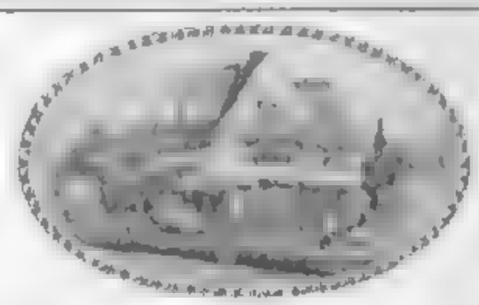

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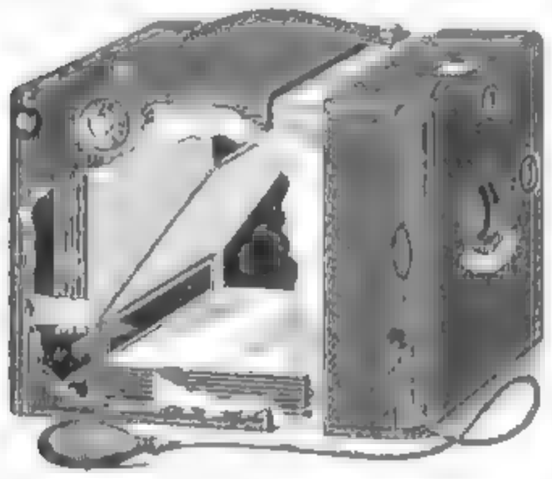

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A Busy Man's Recreations
By Thomas B. Bryan

BUSINESS itself has not been more radically revolutionized in the past decade than has the physical side of the average business man's life. The change is as significant as it is sweeping. Better still, it is wholesome, inspiring, and in line with progress and national development

On every hand we hear comments upon the strenuousness of modern life particularly of that lived by the active man of affairs in America. That this condition exists, and is characteristic of the present hour, I cheerfully grant. Over against this admission, however, must be set the statement that the representative business man of to-day takes more recreation in a month than his predecessor of a generation earlier was wont to take in a year

Who can doubt that herein is to be read the secret by which our young man of affairs is able to bear the burden of strenuousness which is peculiar to this day and hour, and to thrive under its intense exactions? Because he lengthens his hours of relaxation, he is able to shorten his day at the desk, the counter or the factory. Recreation is the oil by which the wheels of business life are lubricated. Without it the wear and tear quickly become abnormal and the human machine prematurely worn out; but when all absorbing cares and intense application to business are reduced to a minimum, the mind is given variety, and turns from business to recreation and from recreation to business with equal pleasure and zest

This is as it should be: there should be as spontaneous a pleasure in beginning a day's work as in putting that work aside for a few hours of indulgence in a favorite sport. The successful man, the world over, is the one who loves his work, to whom it is a joy instead of a task. Such an attitude of mind cannot be forced, but it may be cultivated, and nothing would seem better calculated to foster it than the regular indulgence in some form of vigorous, absorbing and wholesome athletic sport

In the choice of a medium of mental relaxation and physical development, the field of selection is growing constantly wider, and the man who cannot find something of this kind which appeals to his personal tastes must be strangely fastidious. As this is so largely a matter of individual preference, it is most difficult to formulate any general rules of guidance which are of value. There is, however, one rule applicable to every individual. Indoor sports, while valuable and perhaps indispensable, are wholly insufficient, and fall short of that great essential—life in the open air. This, however, is not enough to ask of his sports; they should give him good, stirring exercise while he is out of doors

The Two Most Popular Sports

The two forms of recreation which have taken the greatest hold upon the American public are bicycle riding and golf. Why these pastimes have attained so great a popularity in this country is not difficult to understand, and an analysis of the elements of their great success involves an enumeration of those elements which must be found in every sport which approaches the ideal

Wheeling and golfing are equally adapted to the pleasure of both men and women, and naturally bring them together for their outings. This insures the wheel and the golf club a place in thousands of homes from which they would otherwise be excluded, for many husbands will not allow themselves regular indulgence in a recreation which may not be shared by their wives, and when to the intrinsic interest of any recreation is added the zest of social intercourse between the two sexes, its pleasures and attractions are multiplied

That pastime which calls its participants into places of scenic beauty, and at the same time furnishes them with the exhilaration of interesting exercise, possesses a sure and potent charm. No recreation possesses this characteristic in a greater degree than does golf. In order that my words may not appear to be those of a devotee, I will say that I am wholly unskilled in this pastime, and view its charms from the standpoint of a disinterested spectator. However, I must confess that it appears almost ideal as a means of recreation for the young business man who is in fairly comfortable circumstances financially.

The hold which the ancient Scottish sport has secured upon the American public is little short of astounding. A conservative authority places the money spent in golfing last year by the people of this country at fifteen million dollars, and estimates that the grounds, buildings and improvements of those golf clubs owning their links and houses reach a value of $150,000,000. If any further testimony to the popularity of this recreation is needed, it may be said that the membership of the golf clubs of this country is fully 100,000, and that new associations are being organized with greater rapidity than that of industrial "trusts" and consolidations

The Ideal Sport for Business Men

So much for the hold which this sport has upon the nation at large. The power which it exercises upon the individual is peculiar, and well worthy of analysis. Thousands of business men, young and old, cut short their work day for the sake of a few hours on the links. Instead of eating a hearty luncheon and then returning to his office, the golfer remains until he feels at liberty to quit for the day. When he draws down the curtain of his desk, it is with the happy consciousness that the click of the lock has shut within the cares and anxieties of business until another morning. He then hurries directly to the train, where he meets congenial associates who are full of enthusiasm for their sport. So diverting is this topic that the thirty or forty minutes required to reach the suburban station nearest the golf grounds are passed almost before our golfer is aware. Then follows a ride in the coach or 'bus to the club house

From the moment of arrival at the station until the instant of return thereto the eye is rejoiced and rested by surroundings as distinctly rural as could be found a hundred miles away from the city. At the club house our golfer goes at once to the locker room where he takes a hasty "scrub" and discards his business suit for the habiliments of the links. In place of the stiff collar and shirt of conventional wear, he has substitutes of the most grateful kind, which admit the utmost relaxation. Most restful is the change of shoes, for the low, heavy soled affairs devised for walking over the grassy, uneven and yielding surface of the links are remarkably easy to the feet

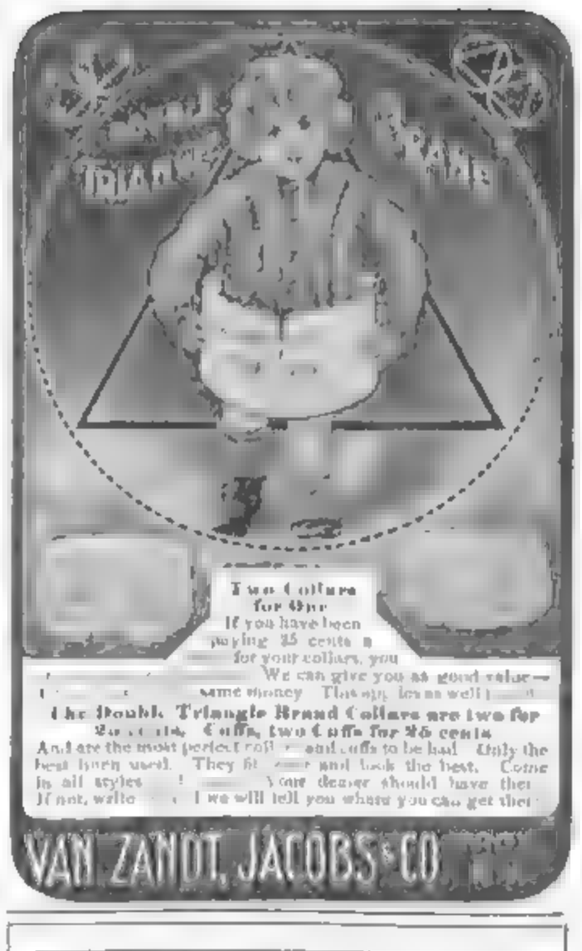
Thus appareled he goes to the café, and there takes a cup of coffee and a roll, deferring his hearty meal until after his physical exertions have sharpened his appetite and prepared his system for a repast of generous proportions. He will not neglect to drink plenty of water before going out for his long tramp over the sward. When he returns to the club house, after playing an eighteen hole course, he has walked little less than four miles, and over soft-rolling greensward, instead of a hard, level, city pavement This in itself is a most refreshing change and brings into play muscles not exercised in the routine of city walking

Where Youth is Renewed and Strengthened

Add to this the splendid exertions of the golfer in driving his ball, his intense interest in the results of his strokes, and there is little room to marvel at the glow of health and enthusiasm which flushes the countenances of staid and white headed business men, to whom the coming of golf has brought a positive renewal of youth. But the mere physical exercise of a round on the links is by no means the chief benefit of the pastime.

While our golfer is chasing his ball up hill and down dale over the grass, he is unconsciously drinking in the "sweet influences" of the landscape. Few men, indeed, are of so cold and material a fibre as not to be subject in some degree to this subtle power of field and wood, of stream and sky. The assimilation of the charm of Nature may be unconscious, but it is nevertheless certain. Every breath he draws and each glance over the green and inviting prospect ministers to the best that is in him, and he finds himself more vitally refreshed in soul, sentiment and mind than in body. In most instances the pleasure of this pilgrimage is augmented by the delights of companionable intercourse with friends who share his enthusiasm for the sport in hand

Once more he repairs to the locker room, where he takes a shower bath, and possibly a plunge in the swimming pool. Then he is



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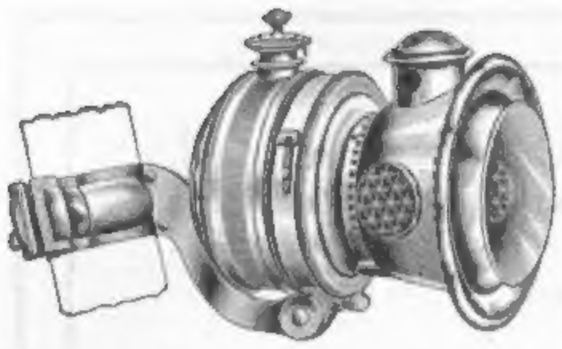

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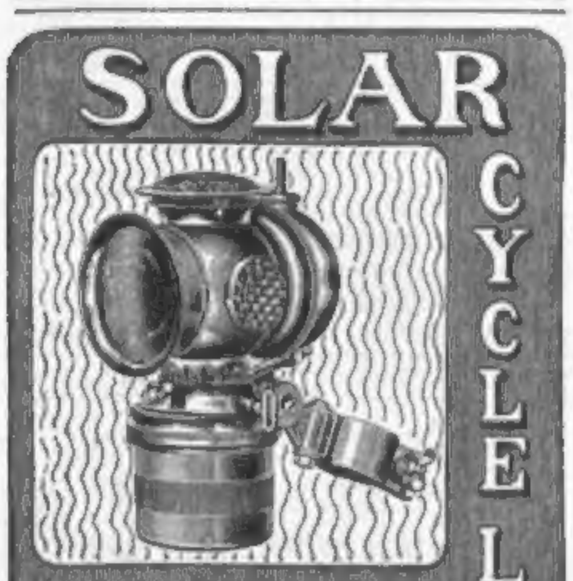

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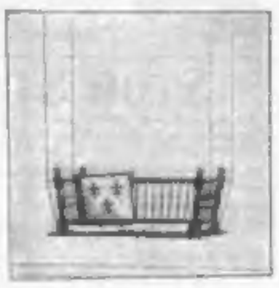

rubbed down and, after a complete change of underclothing, is ready for dinner—and such a dinner as only a golfer can eat after making the circuit of the links! It is eaten with genuine gusto amid surroundings of the pleasantest kind. If the day be Saturday it is likely to conclude with dancing in the evening.

Who can look at the history of such a day as this and doubt that its rejuvenating and inspiring influence will follow him throughout the week to come? Equally certain is it that in this sketch of a young business man's day at the links its charms have not been exaggerated.

The Benefits of Bicycling

Although much is now being said concerning the decline of wheeling, this form of exercise has already exerted a marvelous influence upon the physical and also the mental side of a young business man's life, and it has as surely come to stay. In the report of that manufacturing organization frequently referred to as the bicycle trust the statement is made that the output of wheels for the present year is based upon the conviction that more bicycles will be sold in the coming season than in any preceding year. This announcement is significant, inasmuch as it is the basis upon which this combination of bicycle manufacturers has regulated its supply.

It is undoubtedly true that the day of the bicycle club as separate and distinct from the social club has passed. Wheeling has taken a more individual and less organized form. There is less club riding, it appears, but more individual riding. Thousands of business men in the smaller cities and country towns, who have long withstood the temptations of bicycling, are now joining the ranks of the wheelmen. There can be little question that the bicycle has been one of the main factors in revolutionizing the physical life of the American business man, broadening his horizon and giving him keen enjoyment, vigorous exercise, variety of scene and many other pleasures where before he had only additional hours of drudgery.

As an apt illustration there may be cited the instance of a country parson, of only local renown, recently elevated to the Episcopate.

His almost unanimous election as Coadjutor Bishop in the Episcopal church is ascribable to the rare combination in a clergyman of mental and physical muscle of the most robust character.

His ability to aid effectively the venerable Bishop, whom in time he is likely to succeed, is largely due to systematic and vigorous outdoor exercise with its reflex, invigorating influence on the naturally strong brain with which he is gifted. In a single day he has sped, with delight to the body and refreshment to the mind, some ninety miles on his wheel before discharging the evening duties of his high calling.

The Italians say that "in every priestling there is a pope," a playful exaggeration of an exceedingly rare occurrence, but here we have a priest in a country parish of such signal ability, mental and physical, running quickly, suddenly, unexpectedly and as smoothly as a wheel over an asphalt pavement, from his little rural church into the most exalted office of his sacred calling.

Six Days of Systematic Exercise

It is very difficult to prescribe any arbitrary program of exercise applicable to the majority of young business men. The nearest approach to success in an attempt of this kind is the following program, which is designed for a business man who has not a private gymnasium, but is a member of a club having athletic privileges:

Monday: Exercise ten minutes with half-pound dumb-bells before going to business. In afternoon a swim in the tank at the athletic club, and, if possible, an impromptu game of water polo.

Tuesday: Before going downtown, ten minutes of lively work with an elastic or pulley exerciser; very light lunch; leave business early for the country club, and play eighteen holes of golf; shower bath and plunge, followed by brisk rubbing and an entire change of clothing; hearty dinner and a social evening.

Wednesday: Ten minutes with two-pound dumb-bells; business; hearty lunch; four three-minute rounds with the boxing instructor at the athletic club, following the close of business; billiards in the evening, playing not more than 150 points balk line, or 200 points straight rail, to strengthen the muscles of legs and back.

Thursday: Indian clubs in the morning for ten minutes; stand out of doors and practice diaphragm breathing of the cool air for five minutes; business lunch; close the day with a twenty-mile spin on the wheel.

Friday: A pull of ten minutes at the elastic exerciser, followed by bag punching for five minutes before hearty breakfast; light lunch at noon followed by a game of billiards; in the evening a swim in the pool at club or game of horse tennis in the gymnasium.

Saturday: Morning exercise over back of chair to strengthen muscles of the back and abdomen and legs; light breakfast followed by half day at the office; leave business at midday and take cup of coffee and roll at the golf club; play until dark, and take a shower bath and a brisk rub on returning to the locker-room; eat hearty dinner, and conclude the day with dancing in the evening.

The Advantages of Athletics in Business

No doubt very many young men of affairs may find it inconvenient, if not impossible, to carry out so thorough a program of physical exercise. To such be it said: Get as much good, wholesome out-of-door exercise as possible, and absolutely refuse to be content with less than an average of two hours of stirring recreation every day. This should be regarded as the minimum limit.

Those forms of diversion which have already been referred to are the principal ones, but there are many others which may be easily substituted to meet individual tastes. Horseback riding may be preferred to wheeling, and walking to either. The forms of indoor exercise are numerous, and capable of meeting a wide variety of tastes. One of the most fascinating and beneficial of the gymnasium sports is handball, and it seems unfortunate that this should recently have fallen into disuse, as compared with its former popularity.

The need of healthy and normal men in business and public life is becoming daily more clearly recognized. The day of the super-refined, æsthetic recluse is past. Men who would lead in their profession or business must not be physical weaklings. The great modern enterprise is almost invariably found to be in the hands of the man who is physically, as well as mentally, able to bear the brunt of things, to endure protracted exertion and strain, and to face a crisis with the assurance that he will not "go to pieces" because of bodily weakness. In hundreds of different situations this requirement is absolute, and those lacking this qualification are arbitrarily shut out, no matter how brilliant their mental endowments.

Broadly speaking, therefore, it may be said that no young man of to-day is fitted for business life who is not in excellent physical trim, and who neglects to keep himself in this condition by means of faithful and judicious exercise. He increases his chances of success as he increases his bodily strength, soundness and capacity. The less artificial the means of exercise the more easily is it sustained and the greater the benefit derived. For this reason games and sports are much more to be recommended than physical drills devoid of the element of contest and prosecuted by sheer force of will. It is also wise to vary one's diversions before they become stale and outworn. This insures a fresh influx of enthusiasm, and keeps the recreation free from irksomeness and artificiality.

That the world should have reached a period in which the hours of toil are so generally shortened and the hours of recreation prolonged is certainly a gratifying proof of progress, for it demonstrates, in a measure, that man's existence need not be an unbroken round of toil, and that he may become more useful, more happy, more successful by taking time for a reasonable amount of stirring physical exercise, than by denying himself this wholesome joy to become the abject slave of care and ambition.

The Literature of the Automobile

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL has been bitten by the automobile craze, as he was by the bicycle craze in its early days. The other day he drove a road-car from Maidenhead to Warwick Square in London, a distance of twenty-nine miles, a good part of it through the crowded streets of the city, in an hour, and is proud of his record. The automobile seems a less inspiring subject than the bicycle to draw or to write about. But when one remembers how delightfully Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have described their cycling trips one hopes that the new mode of locomotion will furnish many subjects for articles.

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

Mr. Jacobs' Nautical Farce*

If a man may be judged by the children of his brain, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, author of A Master of Craft, is a most immoral man—a man with no appreciation whatever of the beauties of truthfulness and exemplary conduct; for, of the sixteen or eighteen characters engaged in deceiving one another throughout this story, not a sinner among them shows the slightest contrition for his misdeeds or regret for his condition.

Mr. Jacobs has gained a reputation as a writer of sea tales, and he may be familiar with the field; but neither in this book nor in any of its predecessors is there internal evidence that he knows the poop-deck downhaul from a splice in the main brace. Admiring landsmen, engulfed in non-nautical ignorance, have given him this reputation, and he wears it lightly and jauntily. With a few stock properties, such as ship, schooner, a skipper, a mate, a cabin-companion and a forecastle-scuttle, he concocts a story, calls his characters sailor-folk, and gives the tale a nautical title. And in this he does wrong—not to his readers, but to the small number of limited writers whose thunder he appropriates without needing it.

But, admitting all this, we cannot deny him a place higher than that of the most realistic and erudite of sea-writers; he is a humorist; he is intensely human and he knows human beings; he can make us laugh—and a man who can do that, who can take us for one short half-hour away from the troubles of life and give us the relaxation of a hearty laugh, is a valuable man to his kind and to his generation.

The story is of a schooner Captain, strong in physique but weak in character, who, with a penchant for pretty girls, allows himself to become engaged to three, only one of whom he wants. In his efforts to escape the other two, he is hampered by the movements of his wealthy uncle, who has chosen one of the girls for him, and who is finally rendered innocuous from his own capture by a designing widow. He is worried and harried around the country by the relatives of the other unwanted young lady, and, escaping them, ships before the mast on a deep-water voyage, thinking that the loved one is on board as passenger. He is assisted throughout by his mate, who unconsciously and helplessly falls in love with this loved one while earnestly working for his friend's interests; and he is helped, harmed, checkmated and misled by the well-meant interference of his crew—three men and a cook. Be it said that the mate is a good fellow—though a liar—and that Poppy Tyrrell, equally untruthful, is a charming girl, who eventually marries the mate, thinking the Captain drowned at sea; and that the Captain, after shipwreck and trouble, returns just in time to meet the wedding party emerging from the church, with dignity and philosophy enough in his composition to induce him to heave a handful of rice over them, and we have the salient points of a story in which vice is rewarded and misfortune punished.

But it is a story for hypochondriacs and convalescents. —*Morgan Robertson.*

Debts of Honor†

Maurus Jókai is, we are given to understand, the most popular of Hungarian novelists, and the fact that all his books are speedily translated into English proves that he has many readers outside his native land. People enamored of incident and indifferent to art may well take pleasure in these rudely-constructed tales. Robbery, murder, plots and counter-plots, crimes of every order and variety are huddled together in uneasy abundance. Now and then we have a pleasant picture of family life, as in the house of the Pressburg baker, where the schoolboys help to knead the dough and cut the smooth, round rolls before hurrying off to their lessons; but this is too speedily followed by a mass of confusing detail, which we dimly feel is intended to be humorous, or by scenes of lurid and eminently disagreeable violence.

Debts of Honor is written partly in the first and partly in the second person. It deals with the fortunes of a Magyar family over whom hangs an ancestral curse impelling all its men to commit suicide. In the first chapter the head of the house, for no apparent reason save to keep up ancient traditions, blows out his brains; and his mother takes this admirable opportunity to conduct her two young grandsons into the vault where their father lies buried to narrate to them the suicidal history of their race, and to impress upon their tender minds the impossibility of escape. A finer method of securing the perpetuity of the curse could not well be devised and so the excellent old lady seems to understand, for she winds up her story by remarking that she does not ask the boys to swear they will never kill themselves lest they carry with them into eternity the added burden of an unkept oath.

She then "wept and gasped until finally she fainted away," and Lorand and Desiderius are left to face the unpleasant future before them.

They do face it, but in different fashions. Lorand, the most amorous of youths, falls in love first with his uncle's wife, then with his cousin, and lastly with a handsome, half-tamed gypsy girl. When his uncle's wife runs away with an actor, his cousin marries a rogue and the gypsy girl is killed by a robber, he grows melancholy, acquires a bad habit of reading mathematical books, and is saved from suicide only by the superhuman wisdom and goodness of Desiderius, who constitutes himself his brother's keeper, rescues him in every emergency and watches over him with tenacious affection. After a time this influence weakens, but Lorand dies opportunely of a bee's sting in "the moment of temptation," and the novel closes with a speculation on the part of Desiderius as to how long his own life will last.

It is a cheerful tale. —*Agnes Repplier.*

Glimpses of New Books

Any one who watches at all closely the stage and the bookstall must notice the tremendous reaction which has set in against the novel of decomposition—or, if the word is offensive, of analysis; the historical novel and the tale of adventure are in great vogue now. Mr. Andrew Balfour, whose name should give him right to treat of things Scotch, swells the tide with a dashing story of a shipwrecked American girl, a runaway Scotchman, a French dancing master, much fighting and some misunderstanding, and the usual percentage of patient solicitor necessary to precipitate a happy ending from the troubled elements of the solution. The ending, by the way, is less vindictive than the title Vengeance is Mine would indicate was the author's intention. *The New Amsterdam Book Company.*

In opposition to the Divine Comedy, Mrs Lee—whom the magazine public has long known as Jeannett Barbour Perry—entitles her first book Kate Wetherill: An Earth Comedy. The opposition, however, is purely titulary, whereas the resemblance is structural. Like the Divine Comedy, the story, which deals with internal forces and moral happenings, falls naturally into the three divisions of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. The volume is prefaced by Dante's apology for the Comedy, and closes significantly with a phrase which shows that the interpretation of the earlier master was in mind throughout: "The comedy was ended." *The Century Company.*

Hearts Importunate is published in a single volume, and so cannot by any stretch of imagination soever be likened to the English novel of the eighteenth century, which, in its leisurely career across the centuries, Mr. Kipling, sighting from the horizon of the twentieth century, has named the "three-decker." It has not even any "scent of Old World roses about it," for the climate of the Australian bush is too hot for anything of the sort. Yet there is something suggestive of the method of Richardson in Miss Dickinson's workmanship. The action is similarly lazy; in fact, very little happens in the whole book. The few bodily facts of the daily, outside work in which the characters move are direct resultants of the heated and active forces of the inner world in which they live. And such a method—essentially dramatic in feeling if not in form—is suggestive of Richardson. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

*A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. *F. A. Stokes Company.*

†Debts of Honor. By Maurus Jókai. Translated from the Hungarian by Arthur B. Yolland. *Doubleday & McClure Company.*

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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

With Mr. Clive Holland's system of work his literary career need not cease until, like Alexander, he sighs for more worlds. This does not mean that Mr. Holland intends to be an epic poet, a historian of ancient Chaldea or a professional humorist; rather that with his weapon of fiction he means to traverse the globe and write stories full of the local color of as many countries as he can manage to visit. "I began with Japan, I have done something with Northern Italy and with Egypt, and I am now fresh from Paris and the Latin Quarter."

Mr. Holland thinks four countries a small record, but he likes to feel that he has written all he can about a country before he leaves it. It might also be said that he likes to take all the photographs of it he can before he departs. It would be a difficult artistic question to decide, Mr. Holland thinks, whether a love of local color makes one a photographer, or whether love of photography sends one traveling in search of local color. At any rate, the result is that it takes one a long time to see a country, even a city.

"I have been wandering everywhere in Paris, seeing fashionable 'meets' of automobiles in the Bois and half anarchistic meetings of workingmen in La Villette, exploring historic quarters, and tracking Du Maurier through what I call 'Trilby land.' Marcelle of the Latin Quarter is the first result of this Parisian visit. There will be more stories later."

"Isn't it a difficult thing to write of life in the Latin Quarter without offending some readers' sensibilities?" Mr. Holland was asked.

"Yes, it is," he replied, "and I for one have no wish to. That's one reason why this story was not published serially. I mean always to write delicately, but—you never can tell. So I think my title has helped me. Any one who buys a book called Marcelle of the Latin Quarter knows what risk he is running. If he is disappointed, it is, in this case, probably because he expected something bad."

The Home of the Treasure-Seekers

When story-tellers do not put the people around them into their books, they are apt at least to put in the streets, or the fields and meadows in which they live. The reader of that delightful book of stories about children, The Treasure-Seekers, if he knew his London well, might almost have found out from the book where its clever author, E. Nesbit, or as she is in private life, Mrs. Hubert Bland, was to be found. The children in the book had picnics in Greenwich Park, and Blackheath was familiar ground to them. It was near there that they found the Princess.

The little village of Eltham lies near Blackheath and Greenwich and at the foot of Shooter's Hill, on which you can see the roofs of Mr. Nat Goodwin's delightful house nestling in the trees. It is only a little over a half hour's journey from the very heart of London, yet is a country village still. Well Hall is the Bland place. It is a delightfully old house, or it would be for America. And when it was found that the winding staircase must be propped up by poles as big as a yacht's masts, even the English family living in it had to grant it antiquity. Yet all around are traces of the older house which preceded it. Well Hall was originally a moated grange, and the moat still surrounds the house on three sides. The children catch fish in it in the summer, and skate on it in the winter—when the English winter grows cold enough for the ice to form, which is not often. The combination of Old World country surroundings with quick and frequent trains to town is a rare one, even for England.

Henry Harland's New Novel

Mr. Henry Harland is shortly to bring out a new volume entitled The Cardinal's Snuff-Box, the scene of which is laid, like so many of the author's short stories, in the Italy he paints so well. This is the first long story Mr. Harland has written since the earlier days of his career when he signed himself "Sidney Luska." For the last few years he has been known by his collections of short stories.

Mr. Harland writes very slowly, as the finished quality of his work indicates, and he is greatly affected by his surroundings. It is no uncommon thing for him to arrive in a place where he has intended to stay and work for some weeks, and to find that it is quite uncongenial to him and that he must move on somewhere else. Paris always inspires him; so does Dieppe, and the greater part of The Cardinal's Snuff-Box was written in a delightful and primitive old inn in Normandy, perched up some five hundred feet above the Seine and surrounded by fairy forests.

Even the pen of Mr. Harland, capricious as it is, could hardly help moving swiftly in a spot like that. Yet he seems to find his own workroom in town just as inspiring, though it is bare of all furniture except a chair and a writing-table, and has a real London view of the housetops. It does not suggest the elfin charm of his stories, but—*cherchez la femme!* The walls of this den are covered with prints of all the beautiful ladies in the picture galleries of Europe; and perhaps they, endowed by the author with life and wit and soul, are the charming creatures who step in and out of his pages.

At all events they have the power to keep him working all through the daylight, for Mr. Harland is not one of those who write far into the night. He goes into his study after an early breakfast, takes very little food all day, and emerges at dinner-time ready for any friendly intercourse that may come his way. He is a marvelously lively and enthusiastic talker, and has a kind of vivacity of manner which is scarcely English or American. He likes to be on his feet, to pace the rooms while his thoughts flow and to gesticulate when they excite him. He laughingly says of himself that talking is the best exercise he knows, and that he keeps his health by it.

Busy Miss Sharp

Even for London and the year 1900, a place and a time when all women have interests various enough to have driven their grandmothers mad, Miss Evelyn Sharp is an unusually busy young woman. The public knows her as the author of occasional delightful volumes of fairy tales, and of short stories in the magazines for older people. The initiate in London also know that she is responsible for the humorous sketches of social and literary London which are printed week by week in the Pall Mall Gazette over the initials E. S. And she has lately undertaken to do a similar weekly contribution to a new morning daily.

This amount of regular literary work would be quite enough to make many a writer think himself busy, but it is only the beginning of Miss Sharp's activities. Every morning between breakfast and luncheon she teaches a family of children whose good fortune it is to have their primary instruction committed to her charge. Then there are two afternoons a week when Miss Sharp plays hockey with a women's team in Battersea Park, and two evenings when she works hard in a class in gymnastics. She has found time to give a course of lectures on the history and names of the London streets to a club of working girls in a social settlement. To these duties Miss Sharp adds cheerfully the one which the old-fashioned view of woman's sphere thought quite sufficient for her activities, for she keeps house in a snug flat in Kensington, with a most uncommon outlook, over the gardens of the Carmelite Monastery

As to pleasures, Miss Sharp finds time for many a tea, dinner or supper with the best-known people in the London artistic world, and time to see almost everything at the theatres. The stage is a great delight to her, and not only does she know the West End playhouses, but she visits the cheaper theatres of the East End. It is said that some holiday time she means to amuse herself by trying to write a lurid melodrama which would please a Whitechapel audience.

"I like writing fairy stories best of all," replied Miss Sharp to a question, "but sometimes I think that nowadays only 'grown-ups' like reading them. Modern children are a hard-headed, practical lot. They are always so afraid that fairy tales are being 'written down' to their level. And children resent nothing so much as that."

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

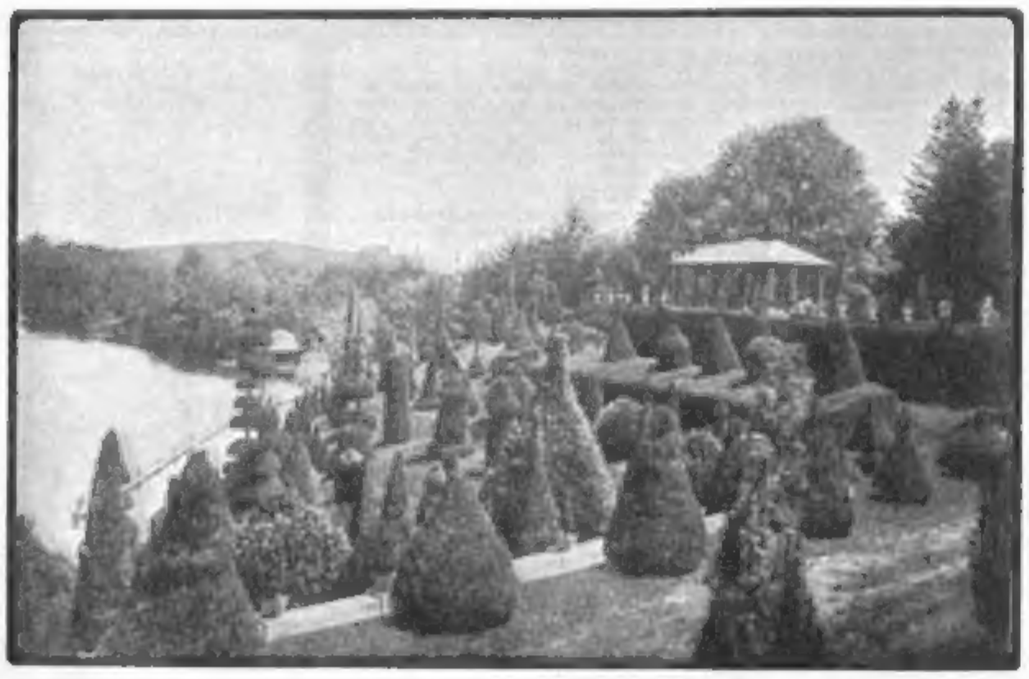
AT WELLESLEY, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston and the seat of Wellesley College, are to be found the only successful Italian gardens in this country.

As most people are aware, the distinctive feature of such gardens is the picturesque distortion of trees and shrubs, which are made to assume as many strange and outlandish forms as possible, imitative of anything unplantlike, from a buffalo to a pepper-caster. Very weird effects are produced in this way by the expert, and, at Wellesley, a considerable area bordering upon Lake Waban, a beautiful sheet of water, has been thus transformed into a playground of horticultural fancy.

The gardens are directly across the lake from the college, and, with their groves of arboricultural freaks, stretch down to the very edge of the water in a series of grassy terraces. They belong to the country place of Mr. Hollis Hunnewell.

The trees manipulated in this curious way are chiefly pines, spruces, firs and hemlocks. It is wonderful what may be done with a pine tree, for instance, by taking it when it is very young and keeping its branches cut down, the result being that, instead of spreading outwardly in the normal fashion, its limbs put out a multitude of tiny branches, so as to form at length a veritable mass of interlaced twigs.

When this has been accomplished, the gardener's shears will convert the tree into any shape that may be desired; it is simply a matter of sculpture and persistent trimming to maintain the form.



BY THE LAKESIDE, WELLESLEY, MASS.

The Rarest of Living Birds

So rare and remarkable a fowl is the Notornis, of New Zealand, that the recent capture of a specimen—the fourth ever taken so far as science has record—is quite an ornithological event. The first two, killed in 1849 and 1851, are preserved, stuffed, in the British Museum, and the third, which was sold for $500, is in Dresden. For the fourth, just mentioned, $1500 is said to have been refused.

The Notornis is more popularly known as the Weka. It is a species of rail, but looks somewhat like a goose, and has a curious triangular bill with a small red comb above it that stands crosswise. It cannot fly at all, its feathers being too soft and yielding, but it is a first-rate runner, and one of its odd traits is a weakness for thieving, its special passion being to steal everything it can lay beak upon, even to such articles as pipes and watches.

New Zealand has many queer birds. One of them, the Apteryx, lives in a burrow, being flightless like the Notornis, and, owing to this misfortune, it has been hunted almost to extermination. The Apteryx is related to the gigantic Moa, which became extinct in New Zealand not much more than a century ago. The Moa weighed as much as 1000 pounds when full grown. Still surviving is a species of plover which is the only known bird whose bill is bent sidewise, the peculiarity being not a malformation, but designed by Nature to enable the fowl to turn over pebbles in seeking its food.

In New Zealand also is found the strange flesh-eating parrot, which became such a nuisance to the sheep farmers in that country some years ago that active measures had to be taken for its destruction. It attacks sheep in the pasture, clinging to the wool of the animal and pecking at its flesh until it literally bores a hole through its back, thus getting at the kidneys, the location of which it seems to know perfectly.

Portraits of the Sun

Photographic observations of the recent total eclipse of the sun will certainly prove far more satisfactory and valuable than any hitherto obtained. On no previous occasion has the scientific outfit for picture-making been anything like so complete, and publication of prints from the negatives secured by the Smithsonian Institution with the aid of its gigantic camera, set up at Wadesboro, North Carolina, in the track of the moon's shadow, is awaited with eagerness by astronomers. This camera—the largest ever constructed—was provided with a telescopic lens having a focal length of 135 feet, the dry plate, twenty inches square, being that distance away from the lens!

If it had been desired merely to take a picture of the sun on an ordinary day, an exposure of about four one-thousandths of a second would have sufficed. As it was, the face of the luminary being covered by the moon, exposures of four to five seconds were made to photograph the red flames which are seen leaping from the photosphere at the moment of totality. To catch the fainter, but even more interesting, "corona," which extends its filmy and mysterious network millions of miles into outer space, exposures of ten to fifteen seconds were required.

Inasmuch as totality lasted only a minute and a half, it was important that the smallest possibility of mistake in the management of the instrument should be eliminated, and repeated drills with the camera were practiced preliminarily, under the supervision of Mr. Smillie, of the National Museum, who, at the conclusion of the performance, carried the exposed plates back to Washington for development. How carefully they were handled may well be imagined.

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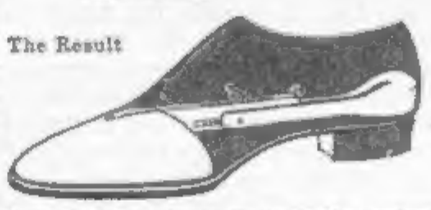

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